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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable features and household departments. Resolving so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 226, Order Sons of St. George—Pres. Jeffery, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Macedonia—George C. Wilson, Commander; Charles B. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTED, No. 678, Foresters of America—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Sullivan, President; David McElroy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

VALMOR LODGE, No. 58, N. E. O. P.—W. Fred Watson, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, K. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENEWAL LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—M. W. Callaghan, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 4, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Secretary, Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAY McLEOD, No. 128—James Graham, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Arrested by Chicago Police.

Chicago detectives came here on Monday, armed with requisition papers, endorsed by Governor Utter, for the arrest of William Ziek, an apprentice seaman at the Naval Training Station. As the Station is United States property and not within the jurisdiction of the Rhode Island authorities there was some delay in obtaining possession of the man wanted, but after communication with Washington the officers surrendered the man to the civil authorities. He was taken in charge by Deputy Sheriff King and was turned over to the Chicago officer at the New York boat landing.

The Chicago police have been looking for Ziek since November 5 when three men, of whom Ziek is alleged to be one, held up and shot another man in a station of the elevated road in Chicago. The injured man is not expected to live and the charge against the prisoners will be a serious one. Ziek immediately enlisted in the navy and was sent to Norfolk and from there to Newport.

Relics and Old Memorabilia.

There was a very valuable exhibit of curios at the Channing parlors on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, lent by various families to illustrate the works of old times. There were articles from Japan, China, India, South America, England, Ireland, and elsewhere. We have only space, however, to mention two or three of the specially American items, directly or indirectly associated with New England. For example, an autograph letter was shown from the celebrated Wm. Ellery Channing, who was born in Newport. A series of the old samplers that the young ladies used to work in olden time was of much interest. So were many manuscripts and printed volumes. Among the latter was a copy of "Evangeline," printed in 1848, and presented personally by the poet Longfellow to a well-known literary gentleman now resident among us. Old miniature, old face and old china were not wanting. It was a unique collection, and well repaid inspection.

The weather of the past week has been genuine Indian Summer, warm and pleasant. There has been considerable dappiness in the air but the sun has shone warmly. There is really much need of rain before the ground freezes, but the average citizen does not wish rain as long as he can have such beautiful weather as we have been having.

Dr. H. H. Luther is in Boston attending the Yale-Harvard game.

A Newport Whaler.

Fifty years ago tomorrow, on Nov. 20, 1855, the Bark Mechanic sailed from here for the Pacific Ocean on a whaling voyage. The MERCURY of that date says: "She sailed this morning with a strong fair wind to be gone three or four years." She was gone in fact, four and one-half years or thereabouts. Her officers and crew were: From Newport:

Captain—Thomas J. Cory.
1st Mate—James Irish.
2d Mate—John Gladding.
3d Mate—Winton Wilkey, Jr.
Crew or foremast hands—Charles Bowler, Samuel Brown, Wm. D. Bliss, Abraham C. Rice, cooper, Robert Bove, Joseph Irish, Charles F. Barnum, Joseph F. Manwarren, Charles S. Briggs, Lawton Coggeshall, Wm. J. White, Geo. F. Barney, Charles B. Barlow, Aaron C. Buchanan, John Utter, George F. Sherman, Thomas McCann.

From other States—George Slacker, John Larkins, Wm. M. Bly, Michael McCarty, J. Donahue, J. Westfall, F. L. Hurd, George W. Morris, Wm. Jones. Of this number the only persons living, so far as is known, are 2d Mate John Gladding, Robert Bove, Wm. J. White, Charles B. Barlow, who went as cabin boy, Aaron C. Buchanan and John Utter. Charles S. Briggs, a brother of Capt. Benj. C. Briggs of this city, fell from the masthead March 17th, 1858, while shortening sail at six o'clock. He lived about five and a half hours. This occurred off the coast of Madagascar, Africa.

The following lines were composed by Mr. Lawton Coggeshall, one of the crew, on the death of young Briggs and sent home to the mother and relatives: We have lost a shipmate, kind and true, Who all did dearly love, But now he's gone, he's gone to rest, We hope with him above. But four short months have passed away Since he left his happy home, And he's left his happy home, And he's left his happy home, The ocean for to roam. He left a Mother, kind and true, And many friends to weep, Who still dream her noble boy Lies buried in the deep. He was a noble-hearted boy, As e'er the sun shone on, No more we'll hear his cheerful voice, For God has called him home. No more we'll see his lively form, No more we'll hear him speak, But ever think and mourn for him Who lies buried in the deep.

New High School.

The new high school building gives indication of being ready for occupancy some time within a few weeks. The school committee has put cleaners at work washing the windows, which makes a very considerable difference in the appearance of the place. Men are at work setting up the patent desks about which there has been much delay. Incidentally it may be remarked that these desks are of a rather unique pattern, being adjustable for height and also when the height is increased the desk is pushed forward from the back, providing for a growth in size of the pupil as well as in height. All the adjustments are inside the woodwork of the desk where they are out of the way and out of sight.

The teachers have fixed the date of the bazaar for the benefit of the Retirement Fund for the first week in December in the new high school building.

The Young Men's Republican Club is preparing to give a dinner as a sort of celebration of the recent Republican victory in this city. The affair will probably be held during the week beginning December 10 and it is hoped to have an attendance large enough to warrant engaging a larger hall than last year. Committees are now at work in making the arrangements. It is expected that there will be at least three speakers from out of the city and possibly several from Newport. The success of the dinner given by this organization last March leads the members to expect that there will be a large attendance at the one next month.

Mr. Stephen Cahoon died at his home in Plainfield, N. J., on Tuesday of pneumonia. He was well known in Newport, being a member of the Cahoon family who resided in Newport many years. For some time he was engaged as a stock broker in New York, but failing health compelled him to retire from his labor some years since. He frequently visited Newport and had occupied a summer residence at Jamestown for several years. Five daughters and two sons survive him.

The fishermen have had some great fishing this week, all of them having secured large hauls of fine cod which were brought into Newport for shipment. The great quantity landed here knocked the price down to a low figure.

Mrs. Eliza A. Kaul of this city has been re-elected county secretary of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons and Mrs. Lella B. Manchester a member of the executive committee.

At the annual exhibition of the Art Club of Philadelphia Mr. William H. Cotton, Jr., son of Mrs. William H. Cotton of this city, was awarded honorable mention for his painting, "The Shepherds' Child."

For Thanksgiving.

Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day and the day will be appropriately observed in this city. There will be of course many family gatherings and the turkey will be the centerpiece of many tables. The poor of the city will not be overlooked on this occasion as the members of Hope Circle of the International Sunshine Society have taken up the work so long carried on by the Flower Mission and will distribute as many turkey dinners "with fixings" among the poor as are required.

There will be special services of thanksgiving at the churches in the morning. The Protestant Episcopal churches will unite in a union service at Zabriskie Memorial Church, while the First Presbyterian and some others will hold individual services in their own edifices. The Central Baptist, Second Baptist, Shiloh Baptist, Mt. Olivet Baptist, Channing Memorial, Union Congregational, Swedish Methodist Episcopal, First Methodist Episcopal and United Congregational will unite in a union service at the United Congregational Church, when Rev. James Austin Richards will preach the sermon. There will be a special choir consisting of the quartets of several of the churches, under the direction of Mr. Thomas A. Livingston. The order of services will be as follows:

The Doxology.
Thanksgiving proclamation, by the President and by the Governor, read by Rev. Byron Gunner of the Union Congregational Church.
Call to Worship, Invocation, Lord's Prayer, by Rev. William Safford Jones of the Channing Memorial Church.
Hymn.
Psalm, Rev. David L. Cooley of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church.
Old Testament Lesson, Rev. Henry N. Jeter of the Shiloh Baptist Church.
New Testament Lesson, Rev. Carl J. Nelson of the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church.
Prayer, Rev. Charles A. Steinhilber of the First Methodist Episcopal Church.
Offering; object, the Newport Hospital.
Hymn.
Sermon, Rev. James Austin Richards of the United Congregational Church.
Hymn.
Prayer, Benediction, Rev. J. Chester Hyde of the Second Baptist Church.
Organ postlude.

Vanderbilt to Command.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt will probably be the next commodore of the New York Yacht Club, although the nominating committee of the club has not yet made announcement of the slate for the next year. It is understood that Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, who has been at the head of the organization for three years, has declined to serve longer, and it was necessary for the committee to find new names. Vice Commodore Henry Walters was the natural choice for promotion, but he preferred to hold the second place, and the committee has, it is understood, prevailed upon Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt to accept the office of commodore. Vice Commodore Walters will be retained in his present position, and Mr. Seymour L. Husted, Jr., owner of schooner yacht Crusader, has been selected for the office of rear commodore.

Mr. Vanderbilt has been prominent in the affairs of the New York Yacht Club for several years and has taken a marked degree of interest in racing, being owner of the 70-footer Rainbow, which has taken part in many races. Mr. Vanderbilt is also owner of steam yacht North Star.

Mrs. Sophia C. Witherbee died at the residence of her son-in-law, Robert C. Black, at Pelham Manor, N. Y., Sunday, from the effects of a paralytic stroke. Mrs. Witherbee was the widow of Silas Witherbee, an iron monger, who owned and occupied a cottage on Honeyman Hill, Middletown, for many years. Three children survive her: Mrs. Louis Francis, Mrs. R. C. Black and Mr. W. C. Witherbee.

A social, musicale, and sale of fancy articles was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Taylor on Tuesday for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church. It was liberally patronized and a considerable sum will be turned over to the society.

Mr. A. Lummell Holm has accepted the position of assistant physical director at the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association at Orange, N. J., and started for his new field of labor last Saturday evening, being given a rousing send off at the boat.

Colonel Samuel R. Honey was in Newport the past week and had as his guests his son-in-law and daughter, Hon. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy of Boston. Colonel Honey will sail for Europe on December 9th and will remain abroad for some time.

The highway department is getting ready to go into winter quarters, being engaged now in closing up what necessary work has been begun.

Wedding Bells.

Tease-Durfee.

Miss Edith Marian Durfee, daughter of Mrs. William J. Browley, and Mr. Thomas William Tease, machinist at the Torpedo Station, were quietly married at the residence of Rev. George Whitefield Mead Tuesday evening. Miss Ada Rigby attended the bride and Mr. Moses Tesze, brother of the groom, was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Tease left on the New York boat on their wedding trip and were given a lively send-off by their many friends.

Smith-Hodge.

Miss Addie Gertrude Hodge and Mr. Harry Lee Smith of New Shoreham were married at the residence of Rev. Ernest W. Burch, pastor of the Thames Street M. E. Church, Tuesday evening. The bride wore a dress of pearl grey with a hat of grey panne velvet. Mrs. Louis G. Metcalf was matron of honor and Mr. Lewis Smith, brother of the groom, was best man. A buffet supper and reception was served at the Clifton House, after which Mr. and Mrs. Smith left, via Fall River line on a wedding trip and on their return will reside in New Shoreham. The bride received many pretty and useful gifts.

Webster-Brennan.

Miss Margaret C. Brennan of this city and Mr. John F. Webster of Centre Harbor, N. H., were married at St. Mary's rectory Tuesday afternoon. Rev. William B. Meenan officiating. The bride wore a traveling dress of brown with a hat to match. Miss Elizabeth D. Brennan, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and wore a dress of grey and a grey hat. Mr. Edward McDonna was the best man.

A reception followed at the home of the bride on Perry street, which was largely attended, and where many pretty gifts were seen. Mr. and Mrs. Webster left on the New York boat on their wedding trip, and will visit New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Ryan-Reche.

Miss Mary Roche and Mr. James Ryan were married at St. Joseph's Church Wednesday morning. Rev. Father Mahan officiating. The church was filled with relatives and friends of the young couple. Miss Mary Connell acted as bridesmaid and Mr. John Kilduff performed the duties of best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan left in the afternoon on a wedding trip.

Recent Deaths.

Isaac N. Stoddard.

Mr. Isaac N. Stoddard died last Sunday at his home on Warner street after a long illness, death being due to the complications incident to old age. He was in his eighty-third year. Mr. Stoddard might be considered one of the group of old Long Wharf boat-builders now fast passing away, as he was for a time associated with his brother, Thomas D. Stoddard, who for a long time conducted one of the boat shops. The late John C. Stoddard was also a brother. His son, Dr. William C. Stoddard, is one of the leading dentists of Newport, and the elder Mr. Stoddard had for a time assisted him in his office work. He is survived by a widow, two sons, Dr. William C. Stoddard, and Mr. Robert K. Stoddard, and two sisters, Mrs. Mercy B. Rowand and Miss Hannah Stoddard.

Mr. George Easton Stevens, formerly of this city, died in New York on Sunday in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was a son of the late James F. and Sarah Stevens of this city and a brother of Mrs. George H. Draper. The body was brought to this city for interment, funeral services being held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel in the Island Cemetery Wednesday noon.

Miss Margaret Anita Halley and Mr. John C. Carter were married at St. Mary's rectory Wednesday evening. Rev. William B. Meenan officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by relatives only and was a very quiet and simple affair. Mr. and Mrs. Carter left via Fall River line on a short wedding trip.

A new sanctus bell is now being cast by the Menelly Bell Company of Troy, N. Y., for the Zabriskie Memorial Church of this city, for use during the celebration of mass. The bell will weigh 1200 pounds. It is the gift of Mrs. Sarah Titus Zabriskie.

The schooner Parker which was beached here a short time ago, after having a most trying time in reaching a harbor of safety, has been relieved of her cargo of lumber and is now lying at the City wharf to await an examination of her hull.

The members of the Newport Yacht Club enjoyed a smoke talk at the club house Thursday evening. A chowder was served during the evening.

Chaplain J. Frank Fleming, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Alarm for Chimney Fire.

A brisk chimney fire at the Finch house on School street was the cause of an alarm from box 84 early Wednesday morning. The chimney was full of soot and burned fiercely so that it was some time before it was extinguished but no water was thrown. The emergency corps handled the blaze with the assistance of extinguishers from some of the other apparatus. The building, which is occupied by the Aqueduct Cottage Industries, was not much damaged. While the apparatus was responding to the alarm Hook & Ladder No. 1 and the Chemical engine came to Washington square at almost the same time and as a colored man got in the way of the chemical there was considerable excitement for a moment.

Three men who were acting in a suspicious manner in the neighborhood of Dugan's stables on Ann street Wednesday night were frightened away by Mr. Dugan and a call was sent for a detail of police. A search was made but no trace of the men was discovered. The recent incendiary fires in Middletown have made owners of inflammable property very alert, and there are those who suspect that these men intended to set fire to the stables. Mr. Dugan had received a large lot of hay from Middletown during the day.

Leon W. Redpath, formerly assistant chemist at the Torpedo Station here, was killed in an explosion of the International Smokeless Powder Company at Parlin, N. J., on Tuesday. Mr. Redpath was superintendent of the plant there, having left Newport about two years ago. He recently took the examination for the position of chemist at the Torpedo Station with the hope of returning here.

The residents of the towns on the island and also the people of the northern section of Newport are much excited over the numerous incendiary fires that have occurred on successive Sunday evenings. Last Sunday it was a hay stack near the town hall that was burned, and the town council of Middletown has increased the reward offered for the apprehension of the culprit.

The Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church will serve a reunion supper in the vestry of the church on Wednesday evening next for the members of the church and congregation. There will be addresses after the supper, and at 8 o'clock Rev. E. W. Burch will preach the sermon in the auditorium. The Euterpe Quartet will furnish music.

Mr. Frederick Bancroft of Boston gave a lecture before the Current Topics Club on Wednesday, his subject being the development of the ballad. He traced the history of the ballad to the present time, singing numerous examples to his own accompaniment. The lecture was very well attended.

The Pinkertons are earnestly looking for "Pirate" Jackson and there are many places where he is wanted. The Bridgeport police would like to find him to see what he knows about the shooting of a woman there when her house was robbed.

The police commission met last evening, Friday, when the business in order was the granting of liquor licenses for the year. Much interest is felt in the result of the meeting.

The buildings of the Newport Casino are to be entirely re-hungled, work having been begun this week by the men of Mr. William H. Langley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Stone and their son, Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, will spend the winter in Newport, occupying the Cooke cottage.

Captain and Mrs. Frank P. King returned the past week from a week's vacation, which they spent in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton are at St. Augustine, Florida, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Frank L. Ward, who recently returned from Pine Ridge Camp, is ill at his home on Sherman street.

Mrs. James D. Hilder has returned to her home in this city, after an extended trip to Gap, Pa.

Letter Carrier Philip B. Simmons has been confined to his home the past week by illness.

Mr. Benjamin F. Bliss has returned from a two weeks' vacation, spent in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. William Power, who was recently operated on for appendicitis, is convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Jones are at Augusta, Ga., where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Benjamin McJannet spent Sunday with friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Alton Barker have returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

Hon. Melville Bull is in the city.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—The Court of Probate held its usual monthly meeting on Monday and took action in relation to the following estates:

Estate of Nathaniel Peckham, Joel Peckham was appointed administrator and directed to give bond in the sum of \$2,400, with Charles H. Ward and Charles A. Peckham as sureties. Dennis J. Murphy, J. Overton Peckham and William J. Peckham were appointed appraisers on this estate.

Estate of Louise G. Arnold, will is proved and ordered recorded, the petition of Frances R. Arnold and others and letters testamentary directed to issue to Theodore F. Green as sole executor. Executor gave his personal bond in the sum of \$1,600, to pay debts and legacies.

TOWN COUNCIL.—The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: Pascal M. Conley, Howard G. Peckham, Alton F. Coggeshall and Richard H. Wheeler, Jr., \$3.00 each for services as supervisors of the election held November 7; Elston A. Peckham, \$6.15, for services as police constable; James H. Barker, surveyor of road district No. 3, \$55.80, for highway repairs; John D. Blair \$11.00, for bounty for killing one dog and eighteen skunks; T. T. Pitman, for publishing election warrant, \$36.88; Alexander N. Barker, for balance due on safe furnished office of Town Clerk, \$200; for small safe furnished office of Town Treasurer, \$60; Simon Hart, for arranging and binding a tax register, \$4.00; accounts for the relief of the poor, \$38.

In view of the many incendiary fires that have occurred during the last month and the boldness of the persons engaged in the destruction of farm property, it was decided to increase the reward previously offered to \$500, as an inducement for some effort to discover the offenders. There is considerable uneasiness as to where the fire will be set next, and such wanton destruction of property should be stopped forthwith. If the incendiary acts are committed by responsible persons, no one has yet conjectured the motive. It has been hinted that the whole thing was a bold and lawless attempt to demonstrate the need of hydrants, fire engines and other equipment for extinguishing fires. There was such an excess of foolish and false talk on that subject last summer by some of the Newport newspapers that possibly some minds have lost their equilibrium and have acquired a mania for country fires. Such a result would not be surprising.

After twenty years of patient waiting and working, Holy Cross Guild has at last succeeded in attaining their much desired Guild House, which was duly opened and dedicated Wednesday evening, with appropriate and interesting exercises, about 125 people being present. The program included music by Groff's orchestra of Newport; introductory remarks by the pastor, Rev. Allen Jacobs, who presented the keys, as chairman of the building committee, to the trustees; committing of keys by Henry J. Chase, representing the church trustees, to the Holy Cross Guild; response for the Guild, by Mrs. Phoebe Manchester; addresses by Rev. Emory H. Porter of Newport and Rev. Levi Edwards of Providence. A light collation was served. Many letters of congratulation were read from about clergymen, including the Bishop of R. I., Rev. William N. McVicker, and from various friends who were invited to be present but who were unavoidably absent. Rev. J. H. Dennis of Portsmouth and Rev. John B. Diman were among the guests present. The building, which is situated within the church grounds on the West Main Road, is a pleasing structure without and a conveniently arranged one within and consists of two cloak-rooms opening on either side from a short hallway, and an assembly hall, which can be thrown into a large room by the addition of the dining or Guild room. There is also a good-sized kitchen well and conveniently stocked. The various committees are much to be commended for their efficient work in making the building so cosy and homelike. Through the kindness of Mrs. Eddy, of the Social Studio, the walls were attractively hung with paintings and there were also gifts of lamps and candles. The house is now working to secure a piano. The thought of the Guild House originated with Mrs. James C. Chase, who is at present an invalid, and resolutions were presented in grateful recognition of her interest and assistance. The architect, builder and contractor, Mr. Nathaniel Goswami, Jr., has been a member of the Sunday School and Church from childhood and has taken an especial interest in the entire affair.

Jamestown.

Miss Ethel Sowles has been visiting relatives in Providence the past week.

Of Interest to Greenhouse Men.

Fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas has been found very effective in the destruction of a number of greenhouse insects.

The Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts has conducted a few trials to determine its value in this connection. In the case of San Jose scale the results show that the remedy is very effective. Reports from elsewhere indicate that it is also very efficient when used against a number of other greenhouse pests. As the value of this method is not very well known and, in fact, the deadly nature of the gas deters many from trying it, the Rhode Island College will arrange with a few florists and forcing-house men in different parts of the State who have suitable houses to conduct co-operative experiments in the use of the gas. It is, of course, understood in making these experiments that they are to be so conducted as not to endanger the crops growing in the house. Any one wishing to try these experiments should write for an outline of the plan to the Extension Department, Rhode Island College, Kingston, R. I.

CAP'N ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER I.

"Perez," observed Captain Eri cheerfully, "I'm tryin' to average up with the mistakes of Providence."

The captain was seated by the open door of the dining room in the rocker with the patched cane seat. He was apparently very busy doing something with a piece of fish line and a pair of long legged rubber boots. Captain Perez, swinging back and forth in the parlor rocker with the patchwork cushion, was puffing deliberately at a wooden pipe, the bowl of which was carved into the likeness of a very rakish damsel with a sailor's cap set upon the side of her once flaxen head. In response to his companion's remark he lazily turned his sunburned face toward the cause seated rocker and inquired:

"What on airth are you doin' with them boots?"

Captain Eri tied a knot with his fingers and teeth and then held the boots out at arm's length.

"Why, Perez," he said, "I'm average up, same as I told you. Providence made me a two legged critter, and a two legged critter needs two boots. I've always been able to find one of these boots right off whenever I wanted it, but it's took me so plaguy long to find the other one that whatever wet there was dried up afore I got out of the house. That's why I'm splicin' 'em together this way. I don't want to promise nothin' rash, but I'm in hopes that even Jerry can't lose 'em now."

"Humph!" grunted Captain Perez. "I don't think much of that plan. 'Stead of losin' one you'll lose both of 'em."

"Yes, but then I shan't care. If there ain't no boots in sight I'll go barefoot or stay at home. It's the kind of responsibility that goes with havin' one boot that's wearin' me out. Where is Jerry?"

"He went out to feed Lorenzo. I heard him callin' a minute ago. That cat ain't been home sence noon, and Jerry's worried."

A stentorian shout of "Puss! Puss! Come, kitty, kitty, kitty!" came from somewhere outside. Captain Eri smiled.

"I'm 'fraid Lorenzo's gittin' dissatisfied in his old age," he observed. Then as a fat gray cat shot past the door: "There he is! Reg'lar prodigal son. Comes home when the fatted calf's ready."

A moment later Captain Jerry appeared, milk picher in hand. He entered the dining room and, putting the picher down on the table, pulled forward the armchair with the painted sunburst on the back, produced his own pipe and proceeded to hunt through one pocket after the other with a troubled expression of countenance.

"Where in tunket is my terbacker?" he asked after flushing the round of pockets and preparing to begin all over again.

"I see it on the top of the clock a spell ago," said Captain Perez.

"Was that yours, Jerry?" exclaimed Captain Eri. "Well, that's too bad! I see it there and thought 'twas mine. Here 'tis, or what's left of it."

Captain Jerry took the remnant of a plug from his friend and said in an aggrieved tone:

"That's just like you, Eri! Never have a place for nothin' and help yourself to anything you happen to want, don't make no odds whose 'tis. Why don't you take care of your terbacker, same's I do of mine?"

"Now, see here, Jerry, I ain't so sure that's yours. Let me see it. Humph! I thought so! This is 'Navy Plug,' and you always smoke 'Sailor's Sweetheart.' Talk about havin' a place for things!"

"That's my terbacker, if you want to know," observed Captain Perez. "I've got yours, Eri. Here 'tis."

"Well, then, where is mine?" said Captain Jerry somewhat snappishly.

"Bet a dollar you've got it in your pocket," said Captain Eri.

"Bet \$10 I ain't! I ain't quite a fool yet, Eri Hedge. I guess I know. Well, I shan't! I forgot that upper vest pocket." And from the pocket mentioned Captain Jerry produced the missing tobacco.

There was a general laugh, in which Captain Jerry was obliged to join, and the trio smoked in silence for a time, while the expanse of water to the eastward darkened and the cutter beach came but a dusky streak separating the ocean from the inner bay. At length Captain Perez rose and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, announced that he was going to "show a gim."

"Yes, go ahead, Jerry!" said Captain Eri. "It's gittin' dark."

"It's darker in the grave," observed Captain Perez, with lugubrious philosophy.

"Then, for the land's sake, let's have it light while we can! Here, Jerry, them matches is burnt once! Try this. 'Twon't be so damagin' to the morals."

Captain Jerry took the proffered match and lit the two bracket lamps fastened to the walls of the dining room. The room, seen by the lamplight, was ship-like, but as decidedly not shipshape. The chronometer on the mantel was obscured by a thick layer of dust. The three gorgeous oil paintings—from the brush of the local sign painter—respectively representing the coasting packet Hannan M., Eri Hedge master, and the fishing schooner George Baker, Jeremiah Burgess master, and the Flying Duck, Perez Ryder master, were shrouded in a very realistic fog of the same dust. Even the imposing gilt lettered set of "Lives of Great Naval Commanders," purchased by Captain Perez some months before and being slowly sold for on an annercent

never ending installment plan, was cloaked with it. The heap of newspapers shoved under the couch to get them out of the way peeped forth in a telltale manner. The windows were not too clean, and the floor needed sweeping. Incidentally the supper table had not been cleared. Each one of the three noted these things, and each sighed. Then Captain Eri said, as if to change the subject, though no one had spoken:

"What started you talkin' about the grave, Perez? Was it them clam fritters of Jerry's?"

"No," answered the ex-skipper of the Flying Duck, pulling at his grizzled scrap of throat whisker and looking



There was a general laugh.

rather shamefaced. "You see, M'Issy Busted dropped in a few minutes this mornin' while you fellows was out, and—"

"Both Captain Eri and Captain Jerry set up a bilious shout.

"Haw, haw!" roared the former, slapping his knee. "I wouldn't be so fascinatin' as you be for no money, Perez. She'll have you yet; you can't git away! But, say, I don't wonder you got to thinkin' 'bout the grave. Ten minutes of M'Issy gits me thinkin' of things 'way 'tother side of that!"

"Aw, belay there, Eri!" protested Captain Perez testily. "Twant' my fault. I didn't see her comin' or I'd have got out of sight."

"What was it this time?" asked Captain Jerry.

"Oh, a little of everything. She begun about the 'beautiful sermon that Mr. Parley preached at the last 'Come Outers' meetin'. That was what started me thinkin' about the grave, I guess. Then she pitched into Seth Wingate's wife for havin' a new bunnet this season when the old one wasn't half wore out. She talked for ten minutes or so on that, and then she begun about Parker bein' let go over at the cable station and about the new feller that's been signed to take his place. She's all for Parker. Says he was a 'perfectly lovely' man and that 'twas outrageous the way he was treated, and all that sort of thing."

"She ain't the only one that thinks so," observed Captain Jerry. "There's a heap of folks in this town that think Parker was a mighty fine feller."

"Yes," said Captain Eri, "and it's worth while noticin' who they be. Perez's friend M'Issy thinks so, and Squealer Wixon and his gang think so, and Web Saunders thinks so, and a lot more like 'em. Parker was too good a feller, that's what was the matter with him. His talk always remind me of wash day at the poorhouse—lots of soft soap with plenty of lye in it."

"Well, M'Issy says that the men over to the station—all except Langley, of course—are mad as all git-out because Parker was let go, and she says somebody told somebody else, and somebody else told somebody else, and somebody else told her—she says it come reel straight—that the men are goin' to make it hot for the new feller when he comes. She says his name's Hazeltine, or something like that, and that he's goin' to get here tomorrow or next day."

"Well," said Captain Eri, "it's a mercy M'Issy found it out. If that man should git here and she not know it aforehand 'twould kill her sure as fate, and think what a blow that would be to you, Perez?"

He took his old fashioned watch from his pocket and glanced at the dial.

"I mustn't be settin' round here much longer," he added. "John Baxter's goin' to have that little patch of cranberry swamp of his plucked to-morrow and he's expectin' some barrels down on tonight's train. John asked me to git Zoeth Cahoon to cart 'em down for him, but I ain't got nothin' special to do tonight, so I thought I'd hitch up and go and git 'em myself. You and Jerry can match cents to see who does the dishes. I did 'em last night, so it's my watch below."

"Well, I shan't do 'em," declared Captain Perez. "Blessed if I'd do the darn things tonight if the president of the United States asked me to."

"Humph!" spluttered Captain Jerry. "I s'pose you fellows think I'll do 'em all the time. If you do you're mistook, that's all. 'Twant' last night you done 'em, Eri; 'twas the night afore. I done 'em last night and I'm ready to take my chances ag'in if we match, but I'm jiggered if I let you shove the whole thing off on to me. I didn't ship for cook no more'n the rest of you."

Neither of the others saw fit to answer this declaration of independence and there was a pause in the conversation. Then Captain Jerry said merrily:

"It ain't no use. It won't work."

"What don't work?" asked Captain Eri.

"Why, this plan of ours. I thought when we fellows give up goin' to sea reg'lar and settled down here to keep house ourselves and live economical and all that, that 'twas goin' to be free. I thought I wouldn't mind doin' my share of the work a bit, thought 'twould be kind of fun to swab decks and all that. Well, 'twas for a spell, but 'tain't now. I'm so sick of it that I don't know what to do. And I'm sick of livin' in a pigeon too. Look at them deadlights! They're so dirty that when I turn out in the mornin' and go to look through 'em I can't tell whether it's foul weather or fair."

Captain Eri looked at the windows toward which his friend pointed and signed assent.

"There's no use talkin'," he observed, "we've got to have a steward aboard this craft."

"Yes," said Captain Perez emphatically, "a steward of a woman. One of us 'll have to git married, that's all."

"Married!" roared the two in chorus. "That's what I said, married, and take the others to board in this house. Look here, now! When a shipwrecked crew's starvin' one of 'em has to be sacrificed for the good of the rest, and that's what we've got to do. One of us has got to git married for the benefit of the other two."

Captain Eri shouted hilariously. "Good boy, Perez," he cried. "Goin' to be the first offerin'?"

"Not unless it's my luck, Eri. We'll all three match for it, same as we do 'bout washin' the dishes."

"Where are you goin' to find a wife?" asked Captain Jerry.

"Now, that's just what I'm goin' to show you. I see how things was goin', and I've been thinkin' this over for a considerable spell. Hold on a minute till I overhaul my kit."

He went into the front bedroom, and through the open door they could see him turning over the contents of the chest with P. R. in brass nails on the lid. He scattered about him fish lines, hooks, lead for sinkers, oilcloth jackets, whales' teeth and various other articles, and at length came back bearing a much crumpled sheet of printed paper.

"There! There she is! 'The Nuptial Chime. A Journal of Matrimony.' I see a piece about it in the Herald the other day and sent a dime for a sample copy. It's chock full of advertisements from women that wants husbands."

Captain Eri put on his spectacles and hitched his chair up to the table. After giving the pages of the Nuptial Chime a hurried inspection he remarked:

"There seems to be a strong runnin' to 'vi-va-coli brunettes' and 'blonds with tender and romantic dispositions.'"

"Oh, hush up, Eri. 'Tain't likely I'd want to write to any of 'em in there. The thing for us to do would be to write out an advertisement of our own, tell what sort of woman we want and then set back and wait for answers. Now, what do you say?"

Captain Eri looked at the advocate of matrimony for a moment without speaking. Then he said, "Do you really mean it, Perez?"

"Sartin' I do."

"What do you think of it, Jerry?"

"Think it's a good idee," said that ancient mariner decisively. "We've got to do somethin', and this looks like the only sensible thing."

"Then Eri's got to do it!" asserted Captain Perez dogmatically. "We agreed to stick together, and two to one's a vote. Come on now, Eri, we'll match."

Captain Eri hesitated.

"Come on, Eri!" ordered Captain Jerry. "Ain't goin' to matrimony, are you?"

"All right," said Captain Eri. "I'll stick to the ship. Only," he added, with a quizzical glance at his companions, "it's got to be settled that the feller that's stuck can pick his wife and don't have to marry unless he finds one that suits him."

The others agreed to this stipulation, and Captain Perez, drawing a long breath, took a coin from his pocket, flipped it in the air and covered it as it fell on the table with a big, hairy hand. Captain Eri did likewise; so did Captain Jerry. Then Captain Eri lifted his hand and showed the coin he caught. It was a head. Captain Jerry's was a tail. Under Captain Perez's hand lurked the hidden fate. The captain's lips closed in a grim line. With a desperate glance at the others, he jerked his hand away.

The penny lay head uppermost. Captain Jerry was "stuck."

Captain Eri rose, glanced at his watch, and, taking his hat from the shelf where the dishes should have been, opened the door. Before he went out, however, he turned and said:

"Perez, you and Jerry can be fixin' up the advertisement while I'm gone. You can let me see it when I come back. I say, Jerry," he added to the "sacrifice," who sat gazing at the pennies on the table in a sort of trance, "don't feel bad about it. Why, when you come to think of it, it's a providence it turned out that way. Me and Perez are bachelors, and we'd be jest green hands. But you're a able seaman. You know what it is to manage a wife."

"Yes, I do," groaned Captain Jerry lugubriously. "Durn it, that's jest it!"

Captain Eri was chuckling as, lantern in hand, he passed around the corner of the little white house on the way to the barn. He chuckled all through the harnessing of Daniel, the venerable white horse. He was still chuckling as, perched on the seat of the "truck wagon," he rattled and shook out of the yard and turned into the sandy road that led up to the village.

CHAPTER II.

THEIR is in Orham a self appointed committee whose duty it is to see the train come in. The committeemen receive no salary for their services. The sole compensation is the pleasure derived from the sense of duty done.

Mr. Squealer Wixon, a lifelong member of this committee, was the first to sight Captain Eri as the latter strolled across the tracks into the circle of light from the station lamps.

He had heard the clock in the belfry of the Methodist church strike 6 as he drove by that edifice, but he heard no whistle from the direction of the West Orham woods, so he knew that the down train would arrive at its usual time—that is, from fifteen to twenty minutes behind its schedule.

"Hey!" shouted Mr. Wixon, with enthusiasm. "Here's Cap'n Eri! Well, cap, how's she headin'?"

"'Bout no'theat by no'th," was the calm reply. "Runnin' fair, but with lookout for wind ahead."

"Hain't got a spare chaw nowhere about you, have you, cap'n?" anxiously inquired Blaney Batchelder. Mr. Batchelder is called "Blaney" for the same reason that Mr. Wixon is called "Squealer," and that reason has been forgotten for years.

Captain Eri obligingly produced a black plug of smoking tobacco, and Mr. Batchelder bit off two-thirds and returned the balance. After adjusting the morsel so that it might interfere in the least degree with his vocal machinery he drawled:

"I cal'late you ain't heard the news, Eri. Web Saunders has got his original package license. It come on the noon mail."

The captain turned sharply toward the speaker. "Is that a fact?" he asked. "Who told you?"

"See it myself. So did Squealer and a whole lot more. Web was showin' it round."

"We was wonderin'," said Jabes Smalley, a member of the committee whose standing was somewhat impaired, inasmuch as he went fishing occasionally and was therefore obliged to miss some of the meetings, "what kind of a fit John Baxter would have now. He's been pretty nigh distracted ever sence Web started his billiard room, callin' it a 'ha'ut of sin' and a whole lot more names. There ain't been a 'Come Outers' meetin' sence I don't know when that he ain't pitched into that saloon. Now, when he hears that Web's goin' to sell rum he'll bust a b'iler sure."

The committee received this prophecy with a hilarious shout of approval, and each member began to talk. Captain Eri took advantage of this simultaneous expression of opinion to walk away.

From the clump of blackness that indicated the beginning of the West Orham woods came a long drawn, dismal "toot," then two shorter ones. The committee sprang to its feet and looked interested. Sam Hardy came out of his ticket office. The stage driver, a sharp looking boy of about fourteen, with a disagreeable air of cheap smartness sticking out all over him, left his seat in the shadow of Mr. Batchelder's manly form, tossed a cigarette stump away and loitered over to the vicinity of the depot wagon, which was backed up against the platform. Captain Eri knocked the ashes from his pipe and put that service stained veteran in his pocket. The train was really "comin' in" at last.

If this had been an August evening instead of a September one, both train and platform would have been crowded. But the butterfly summer maiden had flitted, and as is his wont, the summer man had flitted after her, so the passengers who alighted from the two coaches that, with the freight car, made up the Orham branch train were few in number and homely in flavor. There was a slim, not to say gawky, individual with a chin beard and rubber boots, whom the committee hailed as Andy and welcomed to its bosom. There were two young men, drummers evidently, who nodded to Hardy, and seemed very much at home. Also, there was another young man, smooth shaven and square shouldered, who deposited a suit case on the platform and looked about him with the air of being very far from home indeed.

The drummers got into the stage. The young man with the suit case picked up the latter and walked toward the same vehicle. He accosted the sharp boy, who had lighted another cigarette.

"Can you direct me to the cable station?" he asked.

"Sure thing!" said the youth, and there was no Cape Cod twist to his accent. "Git aboard!"

"I didn't intend to ride," said the stranger.

"What was you goin' to do? Walk?" "Yes, if it's not far."

The boy grinned, and the members of the committee, who had been staring with all their might, grinned also. The young man's mention of the cable station seemed to have caused considerable excitement.

"Oh, it ain't too far!" said the stage driver. Then he added, "Say, you're the new electrician, ain't you?"

The young man hesitated for a moment. Then he said, "Yes," and suggested, "I asked the way."

"Two blocks to the right. That's the main road. Keep on that for four blocks, then turn to the left, and if you keep on straight ahead you'll get to the station."

"Blocks?" The stranger smiled. "I think you must be from New York."

"Do you?" inquired the youthful prodigy, climbing to the wagon seat. "Don't forget to keep straight ahead after you turn off the main road. Git dapt! So long, fellers!"

The square shouldered young man looked after the equipage with an odd expression of countenance. Then he shrugged his shoulders, picked up the suit case and walked off the platform into the darkness.

A little later Captain Eri, with a dozen new, clean smelling cranberry barrels in the wagon behind him, drove slowly down the "depot road." It was a clear night, but there was no moon, and Orham was almost at its darkest, which is very dark indeed. The "depot road" (please be in mind that there are no streets in Orham) was full of ruts, and although Daniel knew his way and did his best to follow it the cranberry barrels rattled and shook in lively fashion. There are few homes near the station, and the dwellers in them consciously refrain from showing lights except in the ends of the buildings furthest from the front. Strangers are inclined to wonder at this, but when they become better acquainted with the town and its people they come to know that Cape Cod and sailors

are, by the majority of the inhabitants, restricted in their use to occasions such as a funeral or possibly a wedding.

It is from the hill by the Methodist church that the visitor to Orham gets his best view of the village. It is all about him and, for the most part, below him. At night the tiny red speck in the distance that goes and comes again in the flashlight at Setucket point, and the twinkle on the horizon to the south is the beacon of the lightship on Sand Hill shoal.

It may be that the young man with the square shoulders and the suit case had paused at the turn of the road by the church to listen to the song of the sea. At any rate, he was there, and when Captain Eri steered Daniel and the cranberry barrels around the corner and into the main road he stepped out and hailed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm afraid I'm mixed in my directions. The stage driver told me the way to the cable station, but I've forgotten whether he said to turn to the right when I reached here or to the left."

Captain Eri took his lantern from the floor of the wagon and held it up. He had seen the stranger when the latter left the train, but he had not heard the dialogue with Josiah Bartlett, the stage boy.

"How was you cal'latin' to go to the station?" he asked.

"Why, I intended to walk."

"Did you tell them fellers at the depot that you wanted to walk?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I swan! And they give you the direction?"

"Yes," a little impatiently. "Why shouldn't they? So many blocks till I got to the main street or road, and so many more till I got somewhere else, and then straight on."

"Blocks, hey? That's Joe Bartlett. That boy ought to be madehead, and I've told Perez so more'n once. Well,

"What was you goin' to do? Walk?"

mister, I guess maybe you'd better not try to walk to the cable station tonight. You see, there's one thing they forgot to tell you. The station's on the outer beach, and there's a half mile of pretty wet water between here and there."

The young man whistled. "You don't mean it!" he exclaimed.

"I sartin do unless there's been an almighty drought sence I left the house. I tell you what! If you'll jump in here with me and don't mind waitin' till I leave these barrels at the house of the man that owns 'em I'll drive you down to the shore, and maybe find somebody to row you over—that is," with a chuckle, "if you ain't dead set on walkin'."

The stranger laughed heartily. "I'm not so stubborn as all that," he said. "It's mighty good of you, all the same."

"Don't say a word," said the captain. "Give us your satchel. Now your dipper. There you are. Git dep, Dan!"

Daniel accepted the captain's command in a tolerant spirit. He puddled along at a jog trot for perhaps a hundred yards, and then, evidently feeling that he had done all that could be expected, settled back into a walk. The captain turned toward his companion as he went.

"I don't know as I mentioned it," he observed, "but my name is Hedge."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hedge," said the stranger. "My name is Hazeltine."

"I kind of jugged it might be when you said you wanted to git to the cable station. We heard you was expected."

"Did you? From Mr. Langley, I presume."

"No; not d'rectly. Of course we knew Parker had been let go and that somebody would have to take his place. I guess likely it was one of the operators that told it first that you was the man, but anyhow it got as far as M'Issy Busted, and after that 'twas plain sailin'. You come from New York, don't you? Is this your first visit to the Cape?"

"Yes. I hardly know why I'm here now. I have been with the cable company at their New York experimental station for some years, and the other day the general manager called me into his office and told me I was expected to take the position of electrician here. I thought it might add to my experience, so I accepted."

"Humph! Did he say anything about the general liveliness of things around the station?"

Mr. Hazeltine laughed. "Why," he answered, "now that you speak of it, I remember that he began by asking me if I had any marked objection to premature burial."

The captain chuckled. "The enter beach in winter ain't exactly a camp meetin' for sociableness," he said. "And the idea of that Bartlett boy tellin' you how to walk there?"

"Is he a specimen of your Cape Cod youngsters?"

"Not exactly. He's a new shipment from New York. Grandpewer of a messmate of mine, Cap'n Perez Ryder. Perez, he's a bachelor, but his sister's daughter married a feller named Bartlett. Maybe you know him. He used to run a tugboat in the sound."

Mr. Hazeltine, much amused, denied the acquaintance.

"Well, I s'pose you wouldn't, 'nat'ral," continued the captain. "Anyhow,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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CAPT. ERI.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Peres's niece's husband died, and the boy sort of ran loose, as you might say. Went to school when he had to and raised Ned when he didn't, near's I can find out. 'Elizabeth, that's his ma, died last spring, and she made Peres promise—be being the only relation the youngster had—to fetch the boy down here and sort of bring him up. Peres knows as much about bringin' up a boy as a hen does about the Ten Commandments, and 'Elizabeth made him promise not to lick the youngster and a whole lot more foolishness. School don't commence here till October, so we got him a job with Lem Mullett at the livery stable. He's boardin' with Lem till school opens. He ain't a real bad boy, but he knows too much 'bout some things and not 'nuff 'bout others. You've seen fellows like that, maybe?"

Hazeline nodded. "There are a good many of that kind in New York, I'm afraid," he said.

Captain Eri smiled. "I shouldn't wonder," he observed. "The boys down here think Josiah's the whole crew, and the girls ain't fur behind. There's been more devilry in this village since he landed than there ever was afore. He needs somethin', and needs it bad, but I ain't decided just what it is yet. Are you a married man?"

"No."

"Same here. Never had the disease. Peres, he's had symptoms every once in a while, but nothin' lastin'. Jerry's the only one of us three that's been through the mill. His wife died twenty year ago. I don't know as I told you, but Jerry and Peres and me are keepin' house down by the shore—that is, we call it keepin' house, but—"

Here the captain broke off and seemed to meditate.

Ralph Hazeline forbore to interrupt, and occupied himself by scrutinizing the building that they were passing. They were nearing the center of the town now, and the houses were closer together than they had been on the "depot road," but never so close as to be in the least crowded. There was an occasional shop, too, with signs like "Cape Cod Variety Store" or "The Boston Dry Goods Emporium" over their doors. On the platform of one small crowd was gathered, and from the interior came shouts of laughter and the sound of a tin-panny piano.

"That's the billiard saloon," volunteered Captain Eri, suddenly waking from his trance. "Play pool, Mr. Hazeline?"

"Sometimes."

"What d'ye play it with?"

"Why, with a cue, generally speaking."

"That so! Most of the fellows in there play it with their mouths. Miss a shot and then spend the rest of the evening tellin' how it happened. Parker played it considerable."

"I judge that your opinion of my predecessor isn't a high one."

"Who? Oh, Parker! He was all right in his way. Good many folks in this town swore by him. I understand the fellows over at the station thought he was about the ticket."

"Mr. Langley included?"

"Oh, Mr. Langley, bel's manager, had his own ideas, I s'pose! Langley don't play pool much, not at Web Saunders' place anyhow. We turn in here."

They rolled up a long driveway, very dark and overgrown with trees, and drew up at the back door of a good sized two story house. There was a light in the kitchen window.

"Whoa, Dan!" commanded the captain. Then he began to shout "Ship ahoy!" at the top of his lungs.

The kitchen door opened and a man came out, carrying a lamp. Its light shined full upon his face. It was an old face, a stern face, with white eyebrows and a thin lipless mouth. There was, however, a tremble about the chin that told of infirm health.

"Hello, John!" said Captain Eri heartily. "John, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Hazeline, the new man at the cable station. Mr. Hazeline, this is my friend, Cap'n John Barker."

The two shook hands, and then Captain Eri said:

"John, I brought down them barrels for you. Hawkins got 'em here, same as he always does, by the skin of his teeth. Stand by now, 'cause I've got to deliver Mr. Hazeline at the station, and he's gittin' late."

John Barker said nothing beyond thanking his friend for the good news, but he "stood by" as directed, and the barrels were quickly unloaded. As they were about to drive out of the yard Captain Eri turned in his seat and said:

"John, guess I'll be up some time to-morrow. I want to talk with you about that billiard room business."

The lump in Barker's hand shook.

"God Almighty's got his eye on that place, Eri Hedge," he shouted, "and on them that's runnin' it!"

"That's all right," said the captain. "Then the job's in good hands, and we ain't got to worry. Good night!"

But in spite of this assurance Hazeline noticed that his driver was silent and preoccupied until they reached the end of the road by the shore, when he brought the willing Daniel to a standstill and announced that it was time to "change cars."

It is a fifteen minute row from the mainland to the outer beach, and Captain Eri made it on schedule time. Hazeline protested that he was used to a boat and could go alone and return the dory in the morning, but the captain wouldn't hear of it. The dory slid up on the sand, and the passenger climbed out.

"There's the station," said the captain, pointing to a row of lighted windows a quarter of a mile away. "It is straight ahead this time, and the walkin's better'n it has been for the last few minutes. Good night!"

The electrician put his hand in his pocket, hesitated and then withdrew it, empty.

"I'm very much obliged to you for all this," he said. "I'm glad to have made your acquaintance, and I hope we shall see each other often."

"Same here!" said the captain heartily. "We're likely to get together once in a while, seein' as we're sort of neighbors, right across the road, as"

you might say. That's my berth over yonder, where you see them lights. It's just round the corner from the road we drove down last. Good night! Good luck to you!"

And he settled himself for the row home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DARING OF LIONS.

Incidents to Prove That the Brutes Are Not Cowardly.

It has been said many times that lions are cowardly brutes, but of the many lions with which I have had personal dealings, expected and unexpected, the epithet cowardly is the last I should consider appropriate in describing them. I have been charged by a lion, and he certainly did not look cowardly. I have come face to face, at a distance of some twenty feet, with a family party of half a dozen, fortunately full fed. They stood, with quiet dignity, looking at us, and then slowly moved away, stopping every few yards to stand and look again. There was neither fear nor meanness in their appearance or behavior.

I have seen lions stalking game, and I have myself been stalked by them. If I could have encouraged myself with the conviction of their cowardliness when I was the quarry and they the hunters, it would have put a different aspect on the situation. We were at this time living in a station over seventy miles from the nearest connecting link with the outside world, and when man eating lions took possession of the one road which led to this link things became serious.

A large troop was reported, and the natives maintained that this troop ran along in the grass parallel with the caravan road (a path some ten inches wide), and, having selected the most edible member of the caravan, jumped upon him like a flash, and, seizing him, disappeared as quickly as they came.

Our mail runners, attached to whom were a couple of native police armed with rifles, were several times attacked. Finally, as the mail party was camping one night, fortunately for it, with a native caravan, the lions became so bold that, in spite of fires, they sprang upon a native and carried him off into the bush.—Mrs. S. L. Hinde in Blackwood's Magazine.

WASHING CLOCK FACES.

Some Timepieces Grow Filled More Quickly Than Others.

"I've been washing the faces of the city clocks high on to ten years, I guess," said a pleasant Scotch-Irish American, "and before that I did it in the old country. There aren't many face washers in this land, and the few who know the business do well at it." He looked prosperous in his tweed suit and derby hat.

"Is your work anything like that of the steeple climber?" he was asked.

"Bless you, no," he replied, with twinkling eye, much amused, "only in one thing, and that is that mostly sailors take up with the trade. That's because we're good climbers, you know. I've washed the faces of city and church clocks that were 150 feet from the ground, and it took me two and three weeks to do it. I'm a practical clock repairer, too—have to be, you know—and do my work in a huge wooden cradle made for the purpose. Some clocks get their faces dirty in a year or so; others remain clean ten years, and so on. Old Ben, Westminster's great clock, is expected to keep clean fifteen years.

"In the old days the trade was more dangerous. We used to work from scaffolds and got many dangerous falls. Now we have the cradles and all the fixings and comforts, and if a man keeps his head he can work as well as on the curb. How is the pay? Well, that's hard to figure, for we work by the job. We don't clean clock faces in winter, so we make enough in the summer to last the year round. Of course sometimes the clocks are taken out of their cases and repaired in the shops. Last year I cleared \$2,000 and visited only two other cities, Chicago and Boston. This year I'll make more, because building operations have grimed the clocks and given our trade a lift."—New York Post.

The Word Derrick.

The word derrick for a machine used to lift heavy weights is curiously derived from a London hangerman in the beginning of the seventeenth century whose name was Theodorick and who is often mentioned in old plays. "The rides circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tybörne the Inn at which he will light" occurs in "The Bellman of London," published in 1616. The name thus corrupted came afterward to be applied, by an easy transition, to the gallows and later still to any frame or contrivance resembling it in shape.

A Riot of Ink.

Canon Nicholl used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home. "Johnson," said the canon in recalling the visit, "had occupied two rooms, and these were left as he last used them. The sign was an extraordinary one, for ink was splashed all over the door and even on the walls. It was one of the doctor's habits to dip his pen in ink and then shake it."

The Natural Effect.

Father—From my observation of him last night I came to the conclusion that young man of yours was rather wild. Daughter—Of course. It was your constant observation that made him wild. He wanted you to go upstairs and leave us alone.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Doubled.

Mabel—Is she as happy as when she lived with her husband. Molly—Twice as happy. He used to allow her only \$3 a week, and now he has to pay her \$18 a week alimony.—Kansas City Independent.

You can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once round the table.

DREW THEIR OWN WILLS.

Eminent Legal Lights Who Did So and How.

Many celebrated men have neglected to settle their affairs. Ben Jonson, Dryden and Sir Isaac Newton all died intestate, Bacon insolvent, and the epigram on Butler's monument in Westminster abbey sufficiently explains why he and many others like him never made a will:

The poet's fate is here in emblem shown. He asks for bread, and he receives a stone.

"Wills," said Lord Coke, "and the construction of them do more to perplex a man than any other, and to make a certain construction of them exceedeth jurisprudentium artem." An old proverb says that every man is either a fool or a physician at forty. Sir H. Hallford happened one day to quote the saying to a circle of friends. Canning humorously inquired, "Sir Henry, mayn't he be both?" At any rate, experience teaches that lawyers who draw their own wills sometimes make great mistakes. Sir Samuel Romilly's will was improperly worded. Chief Baron Thompson's will became the subject of chancery proceedings, while the will of Bradley, the eminent conveyancer, was actually set aside by Lord Thurlow.—London Standard.

FOREIGN ETIQUETTE.

Some Things Harmless Here Would Be Bad Form Abroad.

There are some points of foreign etiquette which are absolutely inexplicable to the British mind, and, indeed, it is very doubtful whether the nations to which they are peculiar can themselves offer any explanation. Why, for instance, is it bad form if you visit a Frenchman in his own room to lay your hat on the bed? The fact remains that it is universally considered the worst of manners.

Again, in Germany, if you are walking in the garden with a lady and it occurs to you to pick a flower for her acceptance, be careful to pluck also a leaf or two to make the nosegay complete. Failure to do so is an insult, for which you may possibly be called to account by her nearest male relative.

If you are unexpectedly asked to stay to a meal in an Englishman's house you would not think twice of using his hairbrushes nor be of lending them. But in Hungary such a thing is impossible. To ask for the loan of a hairbrush in a Hungarian house is an unspokeable barbarism, and if it were not known that you erred from sheer ignorance would bring down upon you a most insulting response or possibly a challenge.—London Mail.

MARINE LEAPERS.

The Tuna Is the Most Graceful of the Jumpers of the Sea.

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. Johns river. The captain was sitting on the fore deck, leaning against the pilot house, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful shining fish four feet in length. It came on like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as neatly as though it had been placed there.

In the Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They are like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest jumpers they are certainly the most graceful of the leapers of the sea.

Monkey With Spectacles.

In the Breslau Zoological garden there is a spider monkey which was operated upon for cataract and now wears glasses. For more than a year after it was received at the zoo it was very healthy and lively; then it became very quiet, ceased to play and crouched in a corner. It was examined and found to be suffering from cataract, so was immediately taken to the eye hospital and operated upon. In less than a month it was fitted with a pair of spectacles, which it wears with becoming gravity.

Deadly.

Two ladies got quarreling about their respective ages. At last, to end the dispute, one of them said in a conciliatory tone of voice:

"Don't let us quarrel over the matter any more, dear. I, at least, have not heart to do it. I never knew who my mother was, for she deserted me when I was a baby, and who knows but that you may have been that heartless parent?"

The Drama.

The drama embraces and applies all the beauties and decorations of poetry. The sister arts attend and adorn her; painting, architecture and music are her handmaidens; the costliest lights of a people's intellects burn at her show; all ages welcome her.—Charlotte Cushman.

Making It Easy.

George (nervously)—I'd like ever so much to marry you, Kitty, but I don't know how to propose. Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa.

Some men do as much begrudge others a good name as they want one themselves, and perhaps that is the reason of it.—Penn.

Not a Question of Seasons.

"How should we get married if there were no London season?" asked the debutante.

"Some of you would get married if you were bricked up in an ogre's castle and had to be rescued," said the American millionaire. "And ten seasons wouldn't marry the rest."—London Standard.

THE MUSSULMAN.

His Devotion is Intense and He is Proud of His Religion.

A traveler in Africa writes: "This is a land of religion. The Mussulman's devotion is intense, ever present and all pervading, being not an accessory tacked on, as it were, to his life to be practiced more or less surreptitiously, but an essential part, whereof and wherein he lives at all times. A Mussulman prays openly and publicly, in a noise afraid to be seen. Every man wears his string of beads whereof he records the number of his daily prayers. Notwithstanding its, to us, uninviting appearance, the religion has made and still is making great strides in Africa, and one can only attribute this to the fact that here at last is a religion of which its adherents are in no way ashamed. It offers to the faithful absolute assurance of salvation and engenders that blind, unhesitating faith therein which is so comforting to the native mind.

"Seeing a crowd of pilgrims bound for Mecca patiently—nay, with pleasure—enduring the worst treatment that one could imagine meted out to herds of driven slaves, one envies the excess of faith that can engender such a disposition. Though robbed, slain, starved, herded with pestilence and subjected to countless hardships and annoyances, yet year after year they come from far and near thousands and tens of thousands strong on this the most wonderful and far reaching of later day pilgrimages.

"At Jeddah one sees pilgrims from all corners of the globe—Dutch subjects from Java, Chinese from Peking, shiploads from India and farther India, Russian subjects from all parts of the great empire, French subjects from Algiers, from Morocco, and dusky negroes who have tramped for months from the western shores of Africa. Through many lands and midst many toils they come, all to meet at this thronged center of the maelstrom of the Mussulman faith."

GREEK ATHLETES.

The Way They Run and the Style of Track They Used.

"In the foot races of the ancient Greeks," says a writer, "the shape of the stadium caused a great difference, since it was not circular, but long and narrow, with one or both ends semicircular. Consequently the runners had to take a sharp turn at the end of each lap, while except at the turn they were running a straight course. Evidently this turn needed much practice, for the pictures on the old vases show athletes practicing this one part of the race as a kind of drill, taking each movement separately.

"In early times, when all the runners turned round the same post, the turn gave opportunities for foul play, and there are stories of one competitor tripping another at the post or seizing him by the hair to prevent his winning. But later, in the shorter distances at least, each runner had his own truck and post to turn round, and probably the separate courses were roped off in much the same way as they are now in sprint races. For the start elaborate arrangements were made and at Olympia the stone slabs are still to be seen, with the grooves at regular intervals that had to be tied at starting.

"Greek long distance men ran in the most approved style of the present day. But the sprinters apparently employed a considerable amount of arm action and took very long steps, rising well on to the toes. Then there was the race in armor, an event highly praised by several of the Greek writers as a valuable preparation for war and which is supposed to explain the famous running charge of the Athenians at Marathon."

A Literary Coincidence.

"My father, W. Clark Russell," said Herbert Russell in telling of a literary coincidence, "had finished maturing the plot of his novel, 'The Death Ship,' which is a version of the legend of Vanderdecken. I was his amanuensis at the time. He said to me, 'Tomorrow we will begin the story.' On the following morning when I entered his study to take his dictation of the opening lines he showed me a letter he had just received. It was from W. S. Gilbert, the well known dramatist, asking him why he did not write a novel about the Flying Dutchman."

Funerals in the Highlands.

A Scottish correspondent writes of funerals in the highlands: "There are no undertakers here. A carpenter makes the simple coffin, relatives and friends carry it, hip high, to its last resting place, which is dug when the end of the journey is reached, and, having walked perhaps six miles to the chosen kirkyard, they take a refreshment of sandwiches and whisky and walk home again. The rigorous absence of pomp is maintained, but there is the added embellishment of pipe music."

Got Near to Them.

An English druggist gives the following list of blunders made by his poorer customers: "Catch an oil" for colic; "prosperous paste" for phosphorus paste; "grease it" for creosote; "fishy water" for vichy water; "guitar" for catarrh; "everlasting" for effervescent.

Force of Habit.

"How many times has your husband been under the knife?" "Dear me, I don't know; but he's become so accustomed to it that he lies down to be operated on every time he sees a doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Arctic explorers say the aurora produces an agreeable, prickly, stimulating sensation.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

BABY'S AWFUL ITCHING ECZEMA

Sores All Over Face and Body—Could Not Tell What She Looked Like—Unable to Sleep—Grew Worse Under Doctors.

CURED BY CUTICURA IN ONE MONTH

A grateful mother, in the following letter, tells of another of those marvelous cures by Cuticura: "When my baby was four months old her skin broke out with a humor. I took her to a doctor, who said it was eczema. He gave me medicine to give her, but she kept getting worse all the time. Her little face and body were so covered with sores and large scales you could not tell what she looked like. No child ever had a worse case. Her face was being eaten away, and even her finger nails fell off. Then it itched so she could not sleep, and for many weary nights we could get no rest. At last we got Cuticura Soap and Ointment, first bathing her in warm water with the Soap, and then spreading on the Ointment with soft cloths. I saw a change in a week. The sores began to heal, and she could sleep at night, and in one month she had not one sore on her face or body. Any mother having children with eczema or humors will find a friend in Cuticura Soap and Ointment. (signed) Mrs. Mary Sanders, 709 Spring St., Camden, N. J., Aug. 14, 1904."

The foregoing statement justifies the oft-repeated assertion that Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford instant relief, and permit sleep for baby and rest for tired mothers, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure, when all else fails, in the most torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin, and scalp humors.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Follow Drug & Chem. Co., Boston, Sole Proprietors, or send for "How to Cure Baby Humors."

JAMES P. TAYLOR.

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Thames Street,

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Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extracted together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, chronic debility, dyspepsia, (due to organic lesions or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition,

HUSBAND IS GONE**Woman's Body Found Doubled Up in a Trunk****WAS COVERED WITH LINE****Woman Was Wealthy and Well Past Middle Life and Is Said to Have Been Extremely Jealous of Young Husband**

Albany, Nov. 24.—What appears to be a murder committed nearly two weeks ago was discovered here when the badly decomposed body of Mrs. John Hammond was found wedged in a trunk in a room of the house on South Perry street where she lived with her husband. The trunk stood in the fireplace. The body within was heavily sprinkled with chloride of lime, and the disinfectant was strewn thickly all about the three rooms comprising the flat. The cover of the trunk was propped open with the evident idea of having the odors of decomposition escape up the chimney.

John Hammond, the woman's husband, has not been seen for nearly two weeks. He is 25 years old, and a cabinetmaker. The dead woman was 57.

Whether the woman died a natural death or was strangled or was poisoned remains for an autopsy to disclose. There are no evident marks of violence on the body, which was fully clothed excepting shoes, and was doubled up in a sitting posture, with the face down upon the knees. The body was found in this position with a clothline.

Disagreeable odors drew the attention of the first floor family to the Hammond rooms, whence not a sound had been heard for at least 10 days, and last evening the police broke in and discovered the body.

A picture of Hammond was found by the police and his description has been sent broadcast. He is described as five feet 10 inches high, weighing 165 pounds, with coarse features, very thick lips, unusually heavy black hair, rather straight and parted in the middle. When last seen he wore a black moustache.

Within the rooms there was no evidence of a struggle, but many indications that the ordinary life of the couple came to an abrupt end. None of the jewelry which the woman was reputed to own in considerable quantity was found, but all of her clothing and the furniture and bric-a-brac were in their accustomed places.

The woman was well known in Albany for many years, under the name of Mrs. Wilber Cramp, as the owner of a hair dressing establishment. She was married two years ago to Hammond. She was believed by the neighbors to be wealthy and owned the house in the South End where her body was found. She is said to have been extremely jealous of Hammond, and objected even to his going out daily to work, preferring to support him in comparative idleness.

The autopsy on Mrs. Hammond's body, completed at midnight, demonstrated conclusively that the woman was first badly beaten and then strangled to death.

Neglected License Formalities

Oxford, Me., Nov. 23.—Game Warden Stanley arrested Horace McKen, William Wallace and Frank M. Ramsdell, all of Boston, for evading the Maine game laws. They had been hunting in the towns of Paris and Oxford without non-resident hunting licenses, it is charged. The three sportsmen were fined \$25 and costs each. They had shot only a few partridges.

Jews Ask Aid of Christians

Boston, Nov. 22.—Three Jewish rabbis of this city, representing the Russo-Jewish committee, yesterday sent a letter to the pastors of all the city Christian churches soliciting "the sympathy and co-operation of the Christian churches in behalf of our suffering co-religionists in Russia." In response to a former appeal already nearly \$15,000 has been subscribed.

"Death by Misfortune"

Providence, Nov. 23.—"Death by misfortune" was the report of the coroner's jury in the case of John Rose, the sailor who jumped overboard from the barge Hamilton Fish in the local harbor after an altercation with Captain Lanier. It is understood that the case against the captain will be dropped when it comes up by continuance.

Korea Under Japanese Control

London, Nov. 22.—The Tokyo correspondent of The Daily Telegraph says that the details of the negotiations at Seoul show that the Koreans had no alternative but to accept the treaty drawn by Japan. General Hasegawa, now commander of the Japanese troops in Korea, will be the Japanese governor-general of Korea.

Had No Competitors

Washington, Nov. 22.—The only bid received by General Crozier, chief of ordnance of the army, for 30 automatic machine guns, calibre .30, was from the Vickers Sons & Maxim, who offered to supply the guns at the rate of \$1530 each. The bid will be accepted.

Throne Tendered to Charles

Copenhagen, Nov. 21.—The throne of Norway was formally tendered to Prince Charles of Denmark and was accepted by King Christian in behalf of his grandson.

Elder on the Black List

Somerville, Mass., Nov. 21.—Chief of Police Parkhurst has notified all the grocers in his city that elder is intoxicating and has warned dispensers of flour and potatoes that the old-fashioned grocery of the New England backwoods towns where a keg of elder is an attraction is not for Somerville and that the sale of apple juice is prohibited.

FIRE IN A SCHOOL**Panic Among Five Hundred Small Children****TOP FLOOR HEMMED IN****Many Who Were Caught in What Seemed Sure Death Trap Tossed From Windows Into Life Nets Forty Feet Below**

Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 23.—Wan faces of little ones peering pitifully from pale-easing coats into those of anxious parents in many North Lawrence homes give graphic evidence of the most frightful school fire panic that ever took place in this city.

One child is at death's door as a result of the catastrophe, while dozens of others lie painfully bruised.

St. Anne's school, under the jurisdiction of the parish of St. Anne's French Catholic church of this city and controlled by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, consists of three buildings, two large and one, and a smaller three-story wooden structure situated in the rear of the first named two. In this latter building seven sisters preside over some 500 little children, ranging in ages from 5 to 12 years. It was in this building, a structure erected over 15 years ago and minus fire escapes, that the fire panic took place.

The little ones, all girls, were in their classrooms on the different floors and at their studies when the fire broke out. One of the pupils of Miss Lord, a lay teacher in a room on the first floor, was the first to discover the fire, as small eddies of smoke curled up through the hot air flues in the basement. The alarm was given and the engines called.

The sisters remained remarkably cool and directed their scholars in leaving. All fled out in order, leaving coats and hats behind, with the exception of those on the top floor. So quickly did the flames spread and the smoke rush to the top of the building, however, that teachers and children on this floor were caught and escape seemed impossible.

All managed to get out, nevertheless, from the third floor, with the exception of those in Sister Mary's room, into which the whole crowd of scholars of the smoke-bitten floor poured.

Here they were caught in what seemed a sure death trap. They began rushing to all the windows and appealing, faces blanched, to those below for help, until the cool teacher, going from window to window, caught the frenzied children one by one and tossed them to the life nets 40 feet below.

On the east side of the building the longest life net in the service of the department was stretched, and into this most of the children were tossed or jumped, but on the other sides of the building only small nets were held, and in some cases nothing but the outstretched coats of the firemen.

In their descent to these lifesaving contrivances many of the little ones either shot through the arms of those who stood ready to catch them or were missed completely by would-be rescuers and landed on the hard ground, three stories below.

It was in this way that Eva Brosseau received frightful injuries from which she may die. She slipped through the arms of a rescuer and landed head first on the ground.

Mrs. Magee and Lavoie were at the scene of the fire panic with the firemen and rendered valuable aid. The injured children were taken into neighboring houses and cared for until they could be sent to their homes or taken to hospitals.

Mrs. Barnes Under \$10,000 Bail

Fort Fairfield, Me., Nov. 23.—Probable cause was found at the hearing on the murder charge against Mrs. Isaac C. Barnes for the alleged poisoning by strychnine of her step-daughter, Pearl Barnes. Judge Fessenden held Mrs. Barnes for the April term of the criminal court at Houlton, but gave the prisoner an opportunity of going free until that time by fixing bail at \$10,000, which has not yet been obtained.

Over a Hundred Lives Lost

London, Nov. 21.—One hundred and twenty-eight persons lost their lives in the wreck of the London and South-western Railway company's steamer Hilda off the northern coast of France, according to an official estimate given out by the officers of the company. This death toll includes 21 saloon passengers, 80 French onion sellers and 27 of the crew.

Weavers Give Up Strike

Valley Falls, N. Y., Nov. 22.—After having been out on strike for 10 days, because the management refused their demands for advance in wages, 65 weavers returned to their work at the Samoset cotton mills without the advance being made.

Westfield's Aspiration

Westfield, Mass., Nov. 22.—At a special town meeting last evening it was decided to petition the state legislature for a city charter. Westfield has a population of 14,000, and the agitation for a city charter has been going on for some time.

An Unusual Occurrence

Boston, Nov. 22.—For the first time in the history of the Massachusetts state prison several inmates were confirmed in the Roman Catholic faith yesterday. The services took place in the prison chapel and Bishop Brady performed the ceremony for the benefit of the 83 men who were confirmed.

Shooting Over Politics

Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 23.—William F. Cronin was arrested last night, charged with assault with a dangerous weapon on William J. Burke. The arrest grew out of a quarrel at a political meeting, when Cronin is alleged to have shot and wounded Burke. The wounded man is now in a hospital.

"JUST TIRED OF LIFE"**Young Maine Couple Loved, Lived and Died Together**

Claremont, N. H., Nov. 24.—"Anything that may be found in our pockets, money, etc., please forward to Mrs. Mary J. Leavitt of Lisbon Falls, Me. Myself and wife have loved, lived together and now decide to die together—not insane, but just tired of life. Good-bye to all."

Such was the note found beside the dead bodies of a man and beautiful young woman entwined in each other's arms, both well dressed and showing little of hardships, which were found in the woods, the woman with three bullet wounds in her head, the man with another in his brain. He clutched a revolver, but one shell remained loaded, four had been fired.

Though no one has positively identified them as yet, it is now believed that the couple are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leavitt and they formerly lived in Oakland, Me., where he was employed in the Oakland woolen mills, and where he met his young bride, Miss Alice Ward.

From the appearance of the bodies when found it was apparent that they had been dead for several days. Beneath a big pine tree the man had spread out his overcoat. Then entwined in each other's arms they reclined on it.

Apparently the man had then taken the revolver, put it to the side of his wife's head and fired the three shots that must have caused instant death. Then he turned the gun on himself, and together they died.

Panic at Moving Picture Show

New Milford, Conn., Nov. 24.—The big celluloid film of a moving picture machine, which was being shown in the town hall here last night, caught fire when the hall was in total darkness and the sudden burst of flame and smoke set the 400 persons in the audience in a panic. A mad rush was made for the door and in the scramble to get out of the building many women and children were trampled on, but none was fatally hurt. The two operators of the machine were burned. It is stated that an electric spark from a crossed wire started the fire.

Alleged Violation of Honor

New Haven, Nov. 24.—At a meeting of the freshman class of the Yale Medical school Horace B. Garusey, president of the class, was requested by a majority vote to resign his office because of alleged speculation in football tickets for the Yale-Harvard game. He was charged with selling game tickets to speculators. Garusey is said to have made no explanation of the matter, though he declined to resign the class presidency.

Contract Requirements Exceeded

Boston, Nov. 24.—The battleship Virginia completed her official speed tests in a four-hour endurance run down the coast, during which she slightly exceeded her contract speed of 19 knots an hour by maintaining an average revolution of her propellers of 129.5 a minute. Her speed was 19.01 knots an hour. The Virginia, after dropping the trial board off Boston light, kept on to her builders' yard at Newport News, Va.

Convicted of Manslaughter

Colebrook, N. H., Nov. 24.—After a three days' trial Plummer Bacon was convicted last night of manslaughter in the first degree in causing the death of John Sawyer and was sentenced to not less than 15 nor more than 20 years' imprisonment in the state prison. Bacon was charged with the murder, by shooting, of Sawyer in Whitefield.

Illegal Registration Charged

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 24.—Sergeant Gordon of the police department appeared in the office of the registrar of voters last night and protested 300 names of men who, he claims, are illegally and incorrectly registered. Gordon acted under orders from Mayor Daly. It is said that 200 more names are to be protested.

Retains New England Championship

Manchester, Conn., Nov. 24.—In one of the best wrestling matches ever held in this state, R. J. O'Connell of New Haven successfully defended his title as lightweight champion of England by defeating Leon Filler of this place, two falls out of three. The men wrestled catch-as-catch-can style, at 135 pounds.

Saw Captain Kill Himself

Boston, Nov. 24.—Captain William Lockhart of the bark J. E. Graham of Windsor, N. S., aged 55, committed suicide by shooting on board the vessel at Mystic wharf. The other officers of the Graham say that Lockhart had been despondent of late. The captain's wife has been with him on the vessel.

Miraculous Escape From Death

Danvers, Mass., Nov. 23.—George Whittier, a carpenter, fell from a stang, received an electric shock of 2000 volts by clutching a live wire, struck a second stang and then landed on the ground uninjured except for slight burns on the hands and insignificant cuts on the head.

Went Through Thin Ice

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 24.—Sigurd Bostrom, 34, and Louis Makowski, 12, were drowned, having broken through the ice on Hermitage pond. Levi Berglund, 14 years old, in trying to save the Magowski and Bostrom boys, broke through the ice, but was rescued by two men.

Serious Charge Against a Pauper

New Haven, Nov. 24.—Charged with manslaughter, Daniel C. Moriarty, a blind pauper, was bound over to the superior court under bonds of \$3000 as responsible for the death of John McGill, his room-mate at the Springdale almshouse. He waived examination.

Snail Saved From Death Chair

Boston, Nov. 23.—Angus Snell, who was convicted of the murder of Tillinghast Kirby at Gooseberry island, off Hornsey beach, Westport, and sentenced to be executed during the week of Dec. 10, will not die in the electric chair. Governor Douglas has commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and the executive council approved the commutation.

MUST MAKE GOOD**Powers Cannot Afford to Back Down In Turkey****NAVAL DEMONSTRATION****First Act Will Be to Seize Harbors and Customs Houses—Sultan Throes on a Holy War in Retaliation**

London, Nov. 24.—The persistent refusal of the Turkish government to accept European control of the revenues of the vilayets of Macedonia, notwithstanding the ultimatum presented by the allied powers, is about to lead to the putting into operation of the threat of a naval demonstration with the view of compelling the acquiescence of Turkey in the European control of the administration of and the proposed reforms in Macedonia.

The obduracy of the sultan apparently is based on the belief that he has the passive support of the Emperor of Germany and upon the jealousies supposed to exist among the powers interested. In diplomatic quarters it had been supposed to the last that the sultan would yield, and even now it is expected that he will do so before the international fleet takes active measures.

It is understood that the sultan appealed vitally to Emperor William, Emperor Nicholas and Emperor Francis Joseph against the projected demonstration. The combined fleet of the powers now assembling at Piræus consists of six large and four small vessels, commanded by Admiral von Jellach of the Austrian navy. Great Britain is represented by the armored cruiser Lancaster and the scout ship Sentinel, Austria by the armored cruiser St. George and the torpedo cruiser Salgetvar, Italy by the armored cruiser Giuseppe Garibaldi and the torpedo boat destroyer Ostro, and France by a cruiser and a gunboat.

Germany's abstention from participation in the proposed demonstration makes the situation increasingly interesting.

The powers are said to have agreed as the first part of their procedure on the seizure of the harbors and customs houses of the island of Mytilene, the island of Lemnos, in the northern part of the Aegean sea, and the island of Tenedos, on the west coast of Asia Minor.

The fact that the session of the council of ministers at which the proposals of the powers were rejected was a stormy one and that all the ministers except the minister of war favored yielding to the ultimatum leads to the belief that the sultan may eventually yield at the first show of determination on the part of the powers, after satisfying his people that he is yielding to superior force. This is said to be the view of Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs.

In the ports note rejecting the proposals of the powers for the international control of the finances of Macedonia is a warning that the action of the powers in resorting to a naval demonstration may precipitate an internal uprising by Mussulmans against the Christian population of Turkey. This may be regarded as a threat, as it is known that no demonstration of Mussulmans against Christians can occur unless it has the silent acquiescence of the Turkish authorities.

The tone of this reply, like that of the last three Turkish notes, seems designed rather to provoke a conflict than to pave the way for a compromise. The powers cannot recede from the position they have taken up without abandoning their prestige and influence in the Near East. Failure to enforce the scheme of financial control upon Turkey would mean the bankruptcy of the Austro-Russian policy of staying off a settlement of the Macedonian question by reforming the Turkish administration in the three vilayets, and would thus tend to precipitate what seems to be an inevitable conflict between Bulgaria and Turkey.

The sultan yesterday issued an irade approving the decision of the council. Vice Admiral Huseini Pacha has started on a special steamer for the Dardanelles, presumably with instructions for the commander of the forts regarding the latter's conduct in the event of the appearance of the international fleet. Similar instructions have been sent to the governors of the Turkish islands in the archipelago.

Shot Was Intended For Wife

Falls Village, Conn., Nov. 21.—Ernest Jackson, a negro, who shot and killed Sylvia Penfield, was bound over to the superior court without bail on the charge of murder in the first degree. At the inquest it developed that Jackson had intended to kill his wife and that by accident he shot Miss Penfield in the back.

\$3,000,000 Bequest to Museum

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 21.—The feature of the will of Stephen Salisbury, which was filed for probate last evening, is his bequest of more than \$3,000,000 to the Worcester Art Museum. His estate is estimated at \$5,000,000. Several public bequests are made.

Six Cases of Smallpox

Westbrook, Me., Nov. 23.—The public schools are closed until after the Thanksgiving recess and the libraries probably will be closed soon because of the discovery of two new cases of smallpox, making six in all, divided among three families.

Enters Valley of the Shadow

Winthrop, Vt., Nov. 23.—Mrs. Mary M. Rogers, the silent, forlorn, despondent woman, over whom a death watch has been set, has been told by one of her attorneys, E. B. Flyn, that only a decision of the United States supreme court in Washington, which may be given next Monday, can save her from death by hanging on Dec. 8. She heard the news with indifference.

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five pounds for me?"—Philadelphia Press.
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 fully speak of her as pretty."
 Goodley—"Well—perhaps
 but she has such a natural, unaf-
 fected manner."
 She Speltz—"Yes, but it has taken
 several years to acquire it."—Atho-
 standard.

Mr. Doolley on Humanity.

In Collier's for Nov. 18, Mr. Doolley, discussing business and political honesty, among other things says:

"It's strange people can't see it the way I do. There's damn honesty. You know him. He's a politician as a matter of fact. His graft is to walk down to the city hall at 5 o'clock every morning and set on a high stool until 5 in the afternoon, adding up figures. Every twenty dollars in his taxpayer's money, twenty dollars wrong from you as we, his money, is handed to this hoodlum. He used to get twenty-five in the cloakroom, but he is a romantic young fellow and he thought 'twould be five things to be a statesman. The difference between a clothier's clerk and a statesman is that the statesman clerk gets his money and has the privilege of walking out in the office hours. Well, Cassidy came in one night with his thumbs stained from his unwholesome call. 'Well, says I, 'ye grafters are going to be buried out, I says. 'I suppose so,' says he. 'We'll have a business administration,' says I. 'Well, says he, 'I wouldn't want kind of a business will it be,' he says. 'Will it be the insurance business? I tell ye if they ever introduced life insurance methods in our little hoodlum office there'll be a revolution in this city. Will it be a railroad administration, with the office chairing? ye twice as much for waiter as Armour pay? Will it be the banking business, with the superintendent taking the money out in his drawer every night and putting in a few kind words on a slip of paper?'

"What kind of a business are ye going to use to purify our corrupt government? Look here, says he. 'I'm going out in politics,' he says. 'Me wife can't stand the strain in seeing the newspapers always referring to me as a politician in quotation marks. I've put me off job back, an' I've quit being a statesman,' he says. 'But let me tell ye something. I've been a hoodlum an' a grafter an' a public teacher five years, and I used to be a square business man, an' I'm giving ye the truth when I say that business ain't got a shadow on politics in the matter of honesty. The bankers was strong against Mulcahy. But I know all about the banks. When I was in the clothier's business Mulcahy used to have the banks over their heads every night. That was mean two years in the str-bir-fra politician, but I don't see no bankers doing the wau-two in the iron grafts at Joliet. I knew a young fellow that worked in a bank, an' he told me the president sold the United States statutes to an old book dealer to make room for a ticker in his office. We may be a tough gang over at the City hall, foreign name always looks tough when it's printed in a reform idyll. But, thank the Lord, no man ever accused us of being life insurance phisicians. We ain't buncoled an' scammed people with the fear of death into ungodly funerals to buy more an' cigars for us,' he says. 'We may take bribes, because we need the money, but we don't give them because we want more than we need. We're grafters, ye say, but there's many a dollar pushed over the counter in a bank that Mulcahy would fling in the eye of the man that offered it to him.'

"The politician grafts on the public an' his intimates. It don't seem any worse to him than winning money on a horse race. He doesn't see it with the politician, but he takes the coin from. But these here high financiers grafts on the public an' their intimates, but principally on their friends. Durn, ye'er partner is the quickest way to the money. Mulcahy would rather die than skin a friend that had strung a bet with him. But if Mulcahy was a railroad boss instead of a politician boss, he would first wrinkle up his countenance in his friends in him, then he would sell them his stock, then he would tell them the road was going to the dogs an' make them give it back to him for naughtin' then he would get out a favorable report an' sell the stock to them again. An' he'd go on doing this till he'd made enough to be elected president in a good government club. Some of the boys down at our office are owners of stock. When do they first learn that things are going wrong with the company? After the president an' board of directors have sold out. Don't ye get off any gas at me about business men an' politicians. I never knew a politician to go wrong until he'd been contaminated by contact with a business man. I've been five years in the water office, an' in all that time not a postage stamp has been missed. An' we're put down as grafters. What is political grafting? It ain't stealing money out of a drawer. It ain't robbing the taxpayer direct the way the gas company does. All there is to it is a business man paying less money to a politician than he would have to pay to the city if he bought a street or a dock direct. I've cooed, there are petty larceny grafts be politicians."

And Such Is Fame.

Miss Mary E. Fitzgerald, a Chicago teacher, is responsible for the following story. There is a fine statue of Ole Bull in Minneapolis. A party of visiting teachers passed it and stopped to read the inscription. One asked who Ole Bull was.

"I suppose he must have been some Indian connected with the early history of the place," answered one of the party. "Then why does he have a violin?" persisted the inquiring one.

No one could tell.—New York Press.

His Official Title.

Colonel William Verbeck, of St. John's School, at Manlius, N. Y., tells the following story of the closing exercises at a Syracuse school:

A little girl was asked, Who is the head of our government?

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied promptly.

"That is right," said the teacher, "but what is his official title?"

"Teddy!" responded the little miss proudly.

"I understand that the Washington street subway is getting along well."

"I didn't know they were digging one."

"What a subway?"

"No, a long well."

Two little girls were hastening to school one morning. One was a good little Methodist, while the other was a Unitarian. They realized that they were late, and the good little Methodist said:

"Let's kneel down and pray that we won't be late."

"No," replied the wise little Unitarian; "Let's skin along and pray as we go."

Candidate—"I want to kiss the baby."

Miss Antiqua—"Er-I'm the youngest of the family."—New York Sun.

Russia's Harvest of Horrors.

The terrible things which are happening in Russia are what have happened in most countries in revolution from despotism to a better system of government. The reports we receive from day to day of revolt and massacre, of fierce outbreaks of race and creed hatred, of the falling up of disorder against any order, of the appearance of hordes of enormous thugs and thieves whose aim is to rob and murder in the confusion—all these read like chapters from the history of the French Revolution, with names and references changed from France to Russia. As we have reports of sailors at Constantinople, we read of revolts of French men-of-war in Brest in the terrible months when all authority in France was going to pieces. The French Army became mutinous, turned out its officers in some places, while it massacred them in others. There were fierce battles between loyal regiments and military multitudes, some resulting one way and some the other.

Most people, when they think of the French Revolution, have their thoughts fixed on the "reign of terror" and on Paris, but there were horrible happenings before the reign of terror began, and there were atrocities in the provinces as shocking as any perpetrated in Paris. The "reign of terror" lasted about thirteen months, or from the end of June, 1793, to the close of July, 1794; when it was ended by the execution of Robespierre and his associates. Before it began, however, the king had been executed and many had followed him to the scaffold. Months before the king was guillotined there had been massacres like that of the 10th of August, 1792, in which five thousand were said to have perished, and the slaughter in the Paris prisons in September, when 1200 were put to death. The "reign of terror" was but the culmination in system of the spirit which governed the French Revolution when its direction was wrested from the hands of men who honestly sought to keep it constitutional reform.

Priests were massacred everywhere. The mob hated them partly because they were priests and partly because they were remnant of the ancient order. Protestants and Jews were not molested, which was only natural in a nation in revolt against the ancient order that had learned of Rome for support. It was not until the fall of Napoleon was followed by the "White Terror" that religious fanaticism became murderous, then Protestant blood was shed throughout southern France by bands of reactionaries. Napoleon had thrown the career of talent open to men of all creeds, and that was enough to identify Protestantism with Bonapartism in the minds of the Bourbon reactionaries.

Whether the horrors of the Russian disorders have any where approximated those of the French Revolution before the "reign of terror" began may be doubted. Certainly they have not made as yet any contributions to the lexicon of slaughter, such as "guillotine," "guillotine," "guillotine," and "guillotine," each of which signified killing in masses, respectively by guillotine, by guillotine, by guillotine, and by guillotine. Possibly the Russians being less impulsive than the French the atrocities will be checked by the rallying of the forces of order, combined with the rallying of the better instincts of the people. If, however, the madness of the Russians runs the same length as the madness of the French, it is reasonable to suppose that it will have a similar result, a people wearied with horrors gladly welcoming the one man strong enough to give and maintain order.

After reading the chapter of horrors that preceded his advent as a governing influence most of us have a feeling of relief when Napoleon appears upon the scene, with his officer's hatred of disorder and belief in discipline. We know there will be battles enough to come, but no more "guillottes" or "guillottes," and that to the murderous mania of the mob will succeed the civic tranquility of a people who will obey such orders as they may from time to time receive. The regime that Napoleon established was not freedom, but it was an absolutism tempered by a large intelligence and, compared with Bourbonism, was enlightened and progressive. A similar figure may appear in Russia, if in excesses the legitimate aim of the Russian revolutionists is frustrated.

Miss Carl and Empress Dowager.

The magazine publication of Miss Katherine Carl's "In the Court of the Empress Dowager," will come to a conclusion in the December Century with intimate chat of the audience-hall at the summer palace, the etiquette of different audiences, the young Emperor, the Empress Dowager's preference for the summer palace, her special apartments, and Miss Carl's working-quarters. The chapters which have appeared in The Century form only a part of the book, just published under title of "With the Empress Dowager," which recounts in full Miss Carl's unique and interesting experiences.

Agony.

The Butler—Hand heavy night at the hour of midnight the ghost appears and groans and wrings its hands. Tourist—Ah, must have died in the cucumber season.—London Tit-Bits.

Paradoxical.

"I admit he's lazy, but he's got the making of a good man in him."

"Yes, all he needs is to have somebody kick it out of him."—Philadelphia Press.

"Miss Starr doesn't seem to like you," remarked the critic.

"No," replied the demure little sourette. "She and the manager had quite a hot argument today and."

"Ah! I see you took his part."

"No! I had taken her part. That's why he and she had the argument."—Philadelphia Press.

Student (in difficulty). "B-beg pardon, shir, but are you ac (hic) quainted with zish neighborhood?"

Passerby. "What do you want?"

"Can you tell me how far 't is to the next lamp post?"—Fliegende Blätter.

"Papa, what is a 'bluffer'?"

"A bluffer, my boy, a bluffer—let me see—a bluffer is a man who eats in the alley and picks his teeth in front of the Parker House."

Manager—You were to stand by Caesar's bier.

Supp—I was out there, but didn't see any beer.

"Money is a vulgar thing."

"Not thousand-dollar bills. They move in very select society."

Credit and Shame for the Trusts.

Armour is given credit—and justly—for devising cunning methods of economy in utilizing every ounce of the carcasses of cattle and hogs; he is excused because he saves in valuable by-products what the smaller butcher throws away. Blood, hair, hoofs, tail, bones, by his wonderful system, are converted in the public eye. But let us be clear in our distinctions. Every dollar he saves by these excellent economies we may justly give; for such work he is to be admired and rewarded as a public servant, but the success of the beef trust is not founded on public service of this sort, but upon what may truly be called public betrayal. Armour and his associates, not contented with the fair return of their genius and industry, employed secret, underhand methods; they entered into illegal conspiracies to obtain advantage in railroad taxation. They were traitors to the principles of democracy. As a result we have fastened upon us, as a people, this veritable leech of commerce, the railroad rebate. And like a leech it preys secretly and insiduously. The enterprising abolitionist butcher in the small city, in spite of his best efforts, finds his business dwindling away. He may be certain that he is butchering as cheaply and profitably as the Chicago trust—as not a few smaller establishments are in reality doing today—and yet he goes down to discouragement and ruin. He never even discovers, perhaps, that it is because the highway, the public road, is not as free to him as it is to Armour.

Similarly, the railroads have not "dealt with all citizens alike" in the flour-milling business. All over the country may be found ruined flour-mills and ruined millers. It is conceivable, indeed probable, that many bright boys, because of that ruin, have failed of their rightful chance in life, and that many men are today hopelessly discouraged. I am not here defending antiquated or wasteful methods against improvement and concentration, but am I seeking to awaken any sympathy for the man who falls through lack of energy or enterprise. I am not attacking the principle of competition, but of unfair competition. Such part of this ruin of millers as was due to improved methods or to economy resulting from manufacturing in large quantities, is both necessary and legitimate. But the greater part was not due to such superior public service—and public service is, after all, the final test—but to undemocratic railroad discriminations. So the steel trust to-day controls many independent iron mines of Minnesota by an iniquitous, unfair system of railroad favoritism. So the harvest and sugar trusts have strangled competition. So the grasp of the elevator owners rest upon the wheat and corn industry, preying upon the farmers of the country in the most secret and insidious ways.

Let it be understood that it is not an attack upon individual enterprise and industry, nor upon large fortunes, but it is an attack upon that pigskin individualism which succeeds by taking more than its share of the public highway, which does not observe the common decencies of the gentleman in the street, but comes to its fortune by crowding other men into the gutter. For that is what the rebate is: it is the mark of commercial bootism. From "Railroad Rebates," by Ray Stannard Baker in December McClure's.

How Fast a Badger Works.

During the daytime the badger sleeps deep in his burrow, far out on our Western plains and prairies, and at twilight he starts forth on a night's foraging.

He is a dreaded enemy of the prairie dog and the ground squirrel; and when he begins to excavate for one, nothing but solid rock or death can stop him. With the long, blunt claws of his forefeet he loosens up the dirt. Dig! Dig! Dig! He works as though his life depended on it, now scratching out the sides of the hole, then turning on his back to work overhead.

At first he throws the dirt out between his hind legs, but soon he is too far down for that, so he banks it up back of him, then turns about, and using his chest and forward parts as a pusher, shoves it out before him. He works with such rapidity that it would be somewhat difficult for a man to overtake him with a spade.—St. Nicholas.

Nature's First Law.

"If you please," announced the grimy little person who had just rapped at the door, "mother wants to know if you will kindly lend her your preserving kettle."

"Well," said the lady of the house dubiously, "I would do so with pleasure, but the last time I obliged your mother she preserved it so effectively that I haven't seen it since."

A look of extreme hauteur passed over the maiden's countenance.

"Very well," she said. "There's no need to be nasty about it. The old thing was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't have troubled to ask you again, only we need you bringing home a new one."—Tit-Bits.

"But," said the judge, "you provoked the fight."

"No, Oid didn't," replied the prisoner. "But you struck the first blow. Why did you do that?"

"Because he sed to me, 'If O'fm wau, ye're another,' and so I soaked him."—Philadelphia Press.

"Has your son returned to the university?"

"Well, that's what puzzles me," replied Farmer Halseed. "I gave him a wad of money and started him a month ago, but he writes a letter and says he is half-back. I'm kinder uneasy about him."—Lincoln Star.

Jasper—What do you suppose your father will say when I speak to him?

Beryl (sure of him now)—He won't say anything. He'll be speechless with joy.—Chicago Tribune.

Judge—Were you present when the trouble started between the man and his wife? Witness—Yes. I was at dear waddin' of dat's what yo' means, sah.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Can you lay this carpet so the children won't wear it out?"

"Where shall I put it, madam—on the roof?"—Harper's Bazar.

Ethel—"Did you cry for help when Reggie first attempted to kiss you?"

Maud—"Why no dear, I knew he could manage it."

"Do you believe in original sin?"

"No. There's no such thing. They've all been under hundreds of times."—Cleveland Leader.

There is no use arguing about it; lots of people think owning a piano gives them a social standing.

What a Rebate Is.

A good deal of the present confusion arises from a quibbling (or legal) use of terms. The difficulty lies in our various applications of the words "rebate" and "discrimination" as in politics it lies in the use of the word "bribery."

What is a rebate? Strictly speaking, a rebate is a sum of money secretly paid back by a railroad company to a favored shipper as a refund upon his freight-rate. And in this narrow sense, rebating is undoubtedly much less common than bribery.

But the people who are unaccustomed to making clear distinctions—to whom the meaning of any one of the several words known to the law is still plain meaning—use the word "rebate" in a much wider sense. It means any sort of favoritism to one shipper that is not given to all shippers. We find the same distinction in politics. "Bribery" in the narrow sense—the ugly crude payment of cash—may be disappearing from politics. But "bribery" in the wider sense, meaning any reward for corrupt political services, still flourishes like the proverbial grass hay-tree.

Indeed, there has been the same development in railroad (and in wider business) corruption, as in political corruption.

The railroad Chukers have followed the railroad Tweeds; and we discover that the crude cash rebate is being replaced by scores of cunning devices of discrimination which accomplish the same results even more successfully and secretly than the cash rebate. Such, for example, as the widespread abuse that have grown up around the private car system, the industrial railroad, the "line" elevator; such is the midnight tariff, the abuse of the carting and switching charge, and innumerable other devices. And these new methods have not even virtue of open-air robbery: They are the work of underhanded cunning, performed in the twilight of legality.—From "Railroad Rebates," by Ray Stannard Baker, in the December McClure's.

Ferns and Ivy.

The next time you are out in the woods gather a bunch of the glossy ferns that grow so luxuriously in the country districts. Arrange them in a jar with plenty of water; and you can keep the ferns fresh and beautiful for a month or more, gathered just before the autumn frosts, they will last well into the winter.

Long sprays of English ivy will keep bright and green if put in a long neck bottle and treated to fresh water occasionally. The sprays may be set on the mantle shelf and the sprays allowed to hang down.

The bits of ivy in pots which may be bought at any nursery are very hardy and look charming growing indoors.

One woman who brought a spray from Kenilworth Abbey in her hot water bottle now has it growing luxuriantly in a pot on her desk, and it is one of the most attractive things in a very charming room.—Washington Times.

Ted's Beginning.

The new assistant rector was trying to impress upon the mind of his young son the difference between his own position and that of his superior. "Now, Ted," he ended, "I want you to remember to be very polite to the rector. We are strangers, and I am only the assistant; it becomes you to be extremely courteous. Some day, perhaps, I shall be rector myself."

The next day the boy was walking with his father when they met the dignified rector.

"Hello!" promptly began Ted. "Papa's been telling me 'bout you—how you're the real thing, an' he's just the fatted man an' we got to knuckle under. But some day he may be it himself, an' then you'll sed."—Woman's Home Companion for November.

"Say paw."

"Well, son?"

"What is frenzied finance?"

"Frenzied finance, my son, is the way your mother goes after my pay envelope every Saturday night. Now, run along and play."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Pa, the teacher is goin' to show the class the effects of liquor drinkin' on the human system."

"Ask the teacher if she's got plenty of liquor and if she requires any help."—Houston Post.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHWICK SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a natural, safe and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHWICK SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poorest suffering child immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, restores the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHWICK SYRUP" is the best and most pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHWICK SYRUP.

For early spring sowing or sowing now, the Velsion in August.

The soothing spray of Ely's Liquid Cream Balm, used in an atomizer, is a most valuable relief to sufferers from Catarrh. Some of them describe it as a godsend, and no wonder. The thick, foul discharge is dislodged and the patient breathes freely and peacefully for the first time in weeks. Liquid Cream Balm contains all the leading purifying elements of the most famous and most reliable medicine sold by all druggists, and it never fails to cure. It is sold by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Harvest early cabbage and cultivate the later crop.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

Avoid using a spoon for anything that is not liquid.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one or two pills. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Manure is the chief commercial fertilizer in China.

My friend, look here! You know how weak and nervous you feel, and you know that Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you, and you know why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

There are 10,000,000 inhabitants in the world and over half of them live in this country.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give regularity, relief in sick headache, Dizziness, Nausea, etc.; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Bitterness and Impurities from the complexion and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

CARTER'S.
The Little Liver Pills.
Small and as easy to take as sugar.

Small and as easy to take as sugar.

Small and as easy to take as sugar.

Small and as easy to take as sugar.

Small and as easy to take as sugar.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

During 1905

Beginning about January 1st, the New England Farmer, Brattleboro, Vt., will publish a series of "150 Special Contributions" on "The Chief Needs of New England Agriculture." These contributions are now being prepared by the 150 New England men most eminent in agricultural work and thought. Men who have themselves found the way to success and who are therefore competent to point the way for others. Their views and deductions will necessarily be varied and will cover every branch of this mighty industry, and furnish the knowledge which busy farmers need to put them into the way of success. In combination these contributions will make an unsurpassed course of practical instruction. They will be the condensed conclusions of the searchings of superior minds. They will show how to make certain a substantial increase of happiness and prosperity. Among the well known gentlemen who will write one or more articles for the series may be mentioned:

PROF. BEVERLY T. GALLOWAY, Chief of Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

PROF. GIFFORD PINCHOTT, Chief of Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

HON. D. E. SALMON, Chief of Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington.

PROF. GEORGE EMORY FELLOWS, President the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

PROF. CHAS. D. WOODS, Director of Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me.

PROF. WM. H. MUNSON, Professor of Horticulture, the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

PROF. WM. D. HURD, Professor of Agriculture, the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

HON. JOHN ALFRED ROBERTS, Agricultural Experiment Station Council, Orono, Me.

PROF. W. D. GIBBS, President and Director of New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Durham, N. H.

PROF. IVAN J. WELD, New Hampshire College of Agriculture, Durham, N. H.

PROF. FRED W. MORSE, Vice-Director and Counselor New Hampshire College of Agriculture, Durham, N. H.

PROF. W. A. P. BROOKS, Professor of Agriculture at the Hatch Experiment Station and Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. J. B. LINSLEY, Ph. D., Department of Foods and Feeding, Hatch Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. F. A. WAUGH, Department of Horticulture, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. G. E. STONE, Professor Department of Vegetable Pathology and Physiology, Hatch Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. J. A. FENTON, Ph. D., Professor of Zoology, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. JOSEPH L. HILLS, Director State Agricultural College and Agricultural Experiment Station, Burlington, Vt.

PROF. KENTON L. BUTTERFIELD, President Rhode Island College of Agriculture, Kingston, R. I.

PROF. FRED W. CARR, Professor of Agriculture, Rhode Island College of Agriculture, Kingston, R. I.

PROF. H. J. WHEELER, Ph. D., Director Agricultural Experiment Station, Kingston, R. I.

PROF. H. L. GRAVES, Director For-

est School, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

PROF. C. L. BEACH, Dairy Husbandman, Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

PROF. A. G. GULLEY, Horticulturist, Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

HON. A. W. CHEEVER, for over 50 years editor and contributor to the New England Farmer.

HON. J. L. HALE, leading American authority on Fruit Culture, South Glastonbury, Conn.

HON. GEORGE M. WHITAKER, for 10 years editor and publisher of The New England Farmer.

PROF. H. HAYWARD, M. S., Agricultural Director Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.

HON. GEO. M. CHALK, leading American authority on Intensive Grass Culture, Higganum, Conn.

PROF. PHILIP W. AYRES, New Hampshire State Forester, Concord, N. H.

HON. FREDK. L. HOUGHTON, Secretary and Editor Holstein-Friesian Register and Holstein-Friesian Association of America, Brattleboro, Vt.

HON. WM. H. CALDWELL, Secretary American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterboro, N. H.

HON. J. LEWIS ELLSWORTH, Secretary Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Boston, Mass.

HON. JOHN G. CLARK, Secretary Rhode Island State Board of Agriculture, Providence, R. I.

HON. F. C. ATKESON, Overseer of National Grange, Morgantown, W. Va.

HON. O. S. WOOD, Master Connecticut State Grange, Ellington, Conn.

HON. RICHARD PATTEN, Master New Hampshire State Grange, Ashland, N. H

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the contributor must be given. 3. Make all queries as clear as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST
HIS
DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH
NEW JERSEY PATENTS.
By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

They had Hannah, b. in Deal 16; 3; 1762, and md. Mr. Wright and lived in Camden, N. J., where he died; also had Elizabeth, b. in Deal 1mo, 12; 1758, and d. 27; 2; 1768; Hannah (4) Tucker, b. 1; 9mo, 1781, and d. 12; 25; 1787, and md. Joseph Wardell, b. 3; 2; 1774; their children being: Daniel Wardell, b. 23; 6; 1784, and d. 25; 1787, and James Wardell, b. 10; 7mo; 1788, then Hannah died, and her husband, Joseph Wardell, married second lady whose name is not known, and they had born 23; 9; 1788, John Nicholson Wardell (perhaps named for his mother's father) and Charles Wardell, b. 2; 11mo; 1790, and Joseph Wardell, b. 7; 8mo; 1798, and Hannah Wardell, b. 27; 4; 1778 as found on Friends' Records.

Samuel (4) Tucker, b. 8; 8; 1785, at Deal, N. J., md. 22; 1; 1781, Elizabeth White, dau. Brittain and Dinah White of Shrewsbury, N. J., he a farmer and lived in the family mansion at Deal, bequeathed to him by his father, with all his lands; here he died 2; 9 mo.; 1818, and his wife died there 3; 1 mo.; 1819, aged 75. Children of Samuel and Elizabeth (White) Tucker were: James (5) Tucker, b. 18; 11; 1781, went to Nova Scotia in 1782, and in 1785 married Elizabeth (Mayhew), dau. Jacob of Shelburne, N. J., in 1789; next moved to Pittsburgh; had ch. Elizabeth, Jacob, Mary and James Tucker.

Brittain (5) Tucker, b. 3; 10mo; 1768, at Deal, N. J., where he married Oct. 10, 1784, Hannah Boyer, their children in N. Y. Genl. Record of July 1804.

John (5) Tucker, b. 18; 8; 1766; md. in 1788 Ann Tallman of Easton, N. J., daughter of Samuel and Rachel Tallman, in 1797 they moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., and in 1805 moved to Shark River, N. J., where he owned 250 acres of land, and there he died in 1821, and had 10 children.

Elizabeth (5) Tucker, b. 22; 3; 1767, and md. 16; 3; 1784, at Friends' Meeting House, Jacob Woolley, son of Benjamin and Catherine (Husban) Woolley, aforesaid Jacob was b. 20; 2; 1760, and d. 7; 10; 1826, she dying in 1864, and had 8 children.

Hannah (5) Tucker, b. Dec. 30; 1769; d. y.

Samuel (5) Tucker, b. Apl. 21, 1771; d. y.

Phebe (5) Tucker, b. Mch. 13; 1773, and d. Apl. 12, 1778.

Deborah (5) Tucker, b. Jan. 25, 1775; d. y.

Samuel (5) Tucker, b. at Deal, N. J., Jan. 2, 1776, and md. there Mch. 21, 1807, Sarah, daughter of James and Roseanna Brockmorton, she b. May 1, 1780.

Hannah (5) Tucker, b. May 6; 1774; d. unmd. Aug. 31, 1851.

Ebenezer Allen (5) Tucker, b. 5; 5; 1788; md. in New York, in 1805 Nancy Mount, dau. James of Red Bank, N. J. The other children of John and Ruth (Woolley) Tucker were:

III. John (6) Tucker, born in New London, Ct., Oct. 25, 1698, and d. June 14, 1730.

IV. Joseph (6) Tucker, b. in Dartmouth, Mass. Nov. 7, 1696, and d. there May 21, 1780; md. Dec. 22, 1720, Mary (Howland), dau. of Nicholas Howland and Hannah Woodman, b. June 27, 1679, dau. of Lieut. John Woodman and Hannah (Timberlake), dau. of Henry and Martha whom he married Jan. 9, 1651, of Newport, R. I.; they having a son-in-law John Coggeshall.

Lieut. John Woodman was Treasurer of the Colony and Overseer of the Town Poor; was of Newport and Little Compton R. I. Had eight children, namely:

Robert Woodman, b. Sept. 8, 1677; md. Deborah (Paddock), dau. John and Ann (Jones) Paddock; Robert made his will Dec. 23, 1754; mentions sons John, Thomas, and daughter Hannah Sanford and daughter Priscilla Woodman, making youngest son Constant Woodman executor.

Howland, Mary was born 21; 7; 1708, and when she md. Joseph Tucker he was of Dartmouth, Mass.

Nicholas (7) Howland made his will 9; 8mo; 1721, he then owning Gooseberry Neck at mouth of Buzzard Bay; his inventory showed 547 pounds beaver-houze, bark mill, tan vats, worth 1550 pounds.

Children of Joseph Tucker and Mary Howland were:

(a) Ruth (4) Tucker, b. 2; 12; 1721, d. 24; 4; 1816.

(b) Hannah (4) Tucker, b. 2; 12mo, 1723; d. 25; 7; 1799.

(c) Elizabeth (4) Tucker, b. 25; 10; 1725; d. 12; 5; 1780.

(d) Mary (4) Tucker, b. 27; 1; 1727; d. 28; 8; 1789.

(e) Abigail (4) Tucker, b. 25; 2; 1729; (To be continued.)

GIBBS. SISON. CEMETERY RECORDS—The Gibbs Cemetery on the Stephen Perry Weaver Farm, Gipscon Lane, Portsmouth, R. I.

GIBBS—In memory of Robert Gibbs, who died Jan. 1840, aged 22 years.

In memory of Rachel Gibbs, wife of Jonathan, who died June, 1831, in the 77th year of her age.

In memory of Jonathan Gibbs, who died January, 1826, ag. 77 years.

In memory of Elizabeth Gibbs, wife of Enos Gibbs, who died Nov. 1820 in the 42 year of her age.

In memory of Enos Gibbs, who died May 26, 1867, age 101 years 2 months, 17 days.

William S., son of Enos and Sarah Gibbs, born April 17, 1825, died Sept. 20, 1900.

Avoline A., wife of William Gibbs and daughter of John S. and Susan A. Brownell, died May (2) 24, 1872, aged 36 years.

The Sison Cemetery on the Edward Sison homestead farm, Gipscon Lane, Portsmouth, R. I.

SISON—In memory of Mary, wife of Pardon Sison, b. Feb. 20; 1777, died July 7, 1864.

In memory of Pardon Sison, born April 23, 1775, died Nov. 28, 1866.

In memory of Phebe, daughter of Pardon and Mary Sison, born Dec. 15, 1802, died Aug. 30, 1878.

In memory of William B. Sison, son of Pardon and Mary Sison, who died Dec. 18, 1851, aged 32 years.

In memory of Celia M., daughter of Pardon and Mary Sison, born Sept. 9, 1807, died Feb. 9, 1862.

CARR—In memory of Jane Matilda, daughter of William and Martha C. Carr, b. Nov. 8, 1844, died Oct. 30, 1861.

Martha C. wife of William Carr, born July 7, 1806, died Sept. 8, 1896.

In memory of William Carr, b. Sept. 9, 1807, died July 8, 1898.

SISON—Edward Sison, b. June 20, 1811, died June 23, 1892 (?)—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

5410. RAMSAY. OVERALL—An ancestor on my paternal side was William Ramsay, Sr., who moved from N. Car. about 1780 to Tenn. His son, William Ramsay, Jr., married, 1805, Mary Overall, daughter of Nathaniel (John? William?) of Stafford Co., Vir. John? went to Frederick Co., Vir. about 1784 and married there Sarah Jane Froman.

Their children were John, William, Nathaniel and Robert. The last three went to Tenn., 1779 or 1780. William and Robert were killed by Indians, Nathaniel died 1835. He was in "Battle of the Bluff" and "Bugbaun's Fort."

where Annie Thomas, who became his wife, moulded bullets for their fathers and brothers while they fought. Mary Overall, daughter of Nathaniel and Annie (Thomas) Overall, married William Ramsay, Jr. Information of any of these ancestors will be much appreciated.—M. M. G.

5411. CUDWORTH. BALDWIN—David Cudworth, 8d. married Susanah Sibly Baldwin. He was born in Freetown, Mass.; lived at one time in Putney, Vt.; died in Shoreham, Vt. Information wanted concerning Susanah S. Baldwin, David Cudworth, 2d, was born in Freetown, Mass. Served in Revolutionary War at age of sixteen; married Abigail Joslin. Information concerning ancestry of Abigail Joslin wanted. Was she the daughter of a patriot?—M. C. D.

5412. THOMPSON. PHELPS—Wanted the ancestry of Martha Thompson, who married David Phelps of Westfield, Mass., 1796. He was born July 28, 1769. It is possible she was daughter of Deacon Samuel Thompson of Goshen.—J. C. W.

5413. PERREN—Mary Perren, dau. of John Perren Jr., was born at Rehoboth, Mass., Apr. 16, 1678. Can any one tell me the name of her mother? Would also like the dates of her marriage and death. Also ancestry of John Perren.—M. R.

5414. PAIN—Would like information concerning the ancestry of Rebecca Paine, who married Peter Hunt, Jr., at Rehoboth, Dec. 24, 1678.—M. R.

5415. ANGLIER—Who was the wife of Samuel Anglier, of Rehoboth? Mass., whose daughter Hannah was born Aug. 10, 1682?—M. R.

5416. ORMSBEE—Would like the ancestry of Jacob Ormsbee, born Mar. 18, 1682.—M. R.

5417. MUMFORD—Would like the parentage, and dates of birth and death of Tabitha Mumford, who married Capt. James Moffat, at Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., Sept. 10, 1776.—S. H.

5418. MAWDSLEY—Who were the parents of John Mawdsley, who married Sarah Clarke, daughter of Weston, April 20, 1740?—N. B.

5419. WIGHT—Who were the parents of Benjamin Wight, married Sept. 14, 1766, to Ann Bardin, of Newport, R. I. Can any one give me a list of their children?—N. B.

5420. BARDEN—Who was Jonathan Barden, baptized at Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., May 15, 1729?—N. B.

5421. SHEARMAN—Who were the ancestors of Benjamin Shearman, b. Dec. 20, 1767?

Also of Henrietta Newton Shearman, b. May 16, 1787?

Of Patience Shearman, b. May 10, 1791?

Were the above of the same family?—M. M. S.

Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carr, who attended the National Grange at Atlantic City last week, returned home Wednesday morning. Their trip also included Boston, Philadelphia and Washington.

Mr. Walter Brown, formerly of Connecticut has taken up his residence here, purchasing Mr. Daniel A. Carter's milk route. He is a brother of Mr. William Brown, who is in charge of the Bull Farm.

St. Columba's Guild was entertained Thursday afternoon by Miss Louise Hart at the home of her uncle, Mr. Charles A. Peckham.

The subject "An afternoon with Jerome K. Jerome" was presented at the Paradise Reading Club Wednesday by Mrs. Howard R. Peckham at the home of Mrs. George E. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan Stone who have been spending the past two months with Mrs. Joseph Allen on Peckham Avenue, left for Newport Saturday last. They have rented the Swan estate on Gibbs avenue and expect to reside there during the winter.

Their son, the Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, who is slowly regaining his health, is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherman are visiting Mrs. Sherman's mother in Providence.

The Paradise Athletic Club basketball team, David Brown, captain, expect to play the St. George's at the school gymnasium Saturday night.

Mr. Charles Sherman and his brother Chester Sherman, formerly of New York, entertained a party of fifteen Wednesday evening, music being furnished by the piano, pianola, and graphophone. Refreshments were served.

In the sudden death of Mr. Charles Potter of Tiverton at the National Grange, Atlantic City, N. J., last week, Pomona Grange loses one of its most staunch and interested supporters. He and his wife were regular attendants, not only at Pomona Grange but at their own local grange, the State grange and the National. His sudden demise was a great shock to the Rhode Island delegation at the convention and caused a universal feeling of sadness throughout the meetings.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Nathaniel R. Swinburne his dwelling house on Ann street to Michael Sullivan.

William H. Carry and others have sold to Catherine, wife of Thomas O'Brien of New York, the estate bounded west, 23 feet, on Spring street; north, 35 feet, and east, 25 feet, on land of Frank Watkins and south, 54 feet, on land of J. R. Hammett.

John M. Friend and Thomas Maguire have sold to Ellen M. Friend the estate bounded east, 30 feet, on Second street; south, 100 feet, on land of Agnes L. Rice; west, 30 feet, on land of Howard Smith and others, and north, 100 feet, on land of James E. Eraman.

William E. Brightman has rented for Mrs. Sarah H. DeBols his cottage on the south side of Underwood court to Henry Brown.

The steamer New Shoreham which is this winter running for the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company between Newport and Providence, was delayed two hours in leaving Newport Thursday morning on account of an exceptionally low tide which held her fast at her dock. When the tide rose sufficiently the steamer came out of the mud and proceeded on her way.

A small fire in the machine room of the battleship Rhode Island gave the night employees of the Fore River ship yard in Quincy a fright for a few minutes Thursday night. A few streams from the yard hose put the fire out. There was not much in the room to burn except the leather belts on lathes, which were destroyed. It is thought the fire caught from a workman's candle.

Mr. James R. Palmer is at the Newport Hospital for treatment for his leg, which has caused him much suffering for many years past.

Mr. Smith Esworth celebrated the ninety-fourth anniversary of his birth on Tuesday. He is enjoying remarkable health for his years.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hannah Gertrude O'Connell and Gunner Henry Ernest, U. S. N.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made by Ernest Volz, of the City and County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, (and Mary Volz, his wife, as co-mortgagor, and of power to the Bathinghouse Brewery Company, a corporation created by law and located and doing business in the City of Rochester, in the State of New York, dated the 15th day of March, A. D. 1905, and filed in the Land Evidence Book of Middletown, Number 19, on pages 181, 182, 183 and 184, and in Volume 30 of Mortgages Land Evidence Book of Newport, R. I., on pages 98 to 100, there having been default in the performance of the condition contained in said mortgage. There will be sold at public auction, on the premises next described, described as follows: WEDNESDAY, December 20th, 1905, at 12 o'clock, noon. The following described parcel of real estate, namely: All that farm or tract of land, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated for the greater part in Middletown in said Rhode Island, and with a small portion thereof known as marsh land to said City of Newport, containing by estimation seventy-nine acres, be the same more or less, and bounded Northerly, by the waters of Narragansett Bay, but coterminous with the land of the devisees of Anthony Stewart, deceased; Easterly, by the West Main Road, and by land of the devisees of Anthony Stewart, deceased; Southerly, by land of the devisees of Anthony Stewart, deceased, of Bates and Westerly, on land of the devisees of Anthony Stewart, deceased, and on the waters of Narragansett Bay, or however otherwise hereafter given to the said Thomas P. B. and subject to the rights of the railroad over the land occupied by their tracks. And on the said 20th day of December, 1905, at 12 o'clock, noon, the said premises, as hereafter described, there will be sold at public auction, the second parcel of land mentioned in said mortgage deed and bounded and described as follows: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said City of Newport, and bounded Easterly by the North Main Road, and by land of the devisees of Anthony Stewart, deceased; Southerly, by land of the devisees of Anthony Stewart, deceased, of Bates and Westerly, on land of the devisees of Anthony Stewart, deceased, and on the waters of Narragansett Bay, or however otherwise hereafter given to the said Thomas P. B. and subject to the rights of the railroad over the land occupied by their tracks. The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid on said parcels of land at said sale thereof.

BATHINGHOUSE BREWERY COMPANY, Mortgagee.

FRANK E. NOLAN, Attorney.

10-25-05

Hall Conveniences.

Any old thing doesn't fill the bill any longer—may hold the late and the costs just as well, but the hall must be "furnished." A settee, a chair, a table, a mirror—there are hundreds of ideas here thought out purposes for hall-furnishing. Look at your hall now if it hasn't sort of a "furnished" appearance, then come to us and learn how little it costs to make it an appropriate entrance to a pretty home. We'll give you just one hint this morning, selected at random:

A true Mission piece in weather oak, so appropriate for the hall; stands 6 ft. 2 in. high with long French plate mirror, the sides are open painted and extend the full width of the seat nearly to the top with coat and hat hooks on the outside. The front of the box under the seat is fitted with quaint wood linoleum and drops showing a spacious cupboard for rubbers, etc. It is quaint and artistic as can be. The price gives no idea of its real or artistic value.

\$15.00

A. C. TITUS CO.'S,

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

---FIFTH WARD---

\$6,200 BUYS

A valuable estate on Nixon Street, consisting of an eight-room cottage with modern improvements, and a stable and storehouse in the rear. The place has an acre of over 1,000 square feet of land, and there is room enough for two cottages. Will sell to parcels to suit customer. This is your chance. For Full Particulars Inquire of

GRASP IT.

BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING & FRANKLINES, AND 109 THAMES STREET.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

Telephone 5 & 3. P. O. Box 3.

Office of the Probate Clerk of the City

of Newport in Rhode Island, November 24th, A. D. 1905.

FRANK E. NOLAN having this day filed in said Office a petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying that letters of administration on the estate of

JOHN H. NOLAN, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, may be granted to him or some other suitable person, and said petitioner having applied to me to give notice thereof by advertising in the

Newport Mercury. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be held on Monday the 13th day of December, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, in said Newport.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk

11-25-05

Sheriff's Sale.

Newport, R. I. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Newport, September 18, A. D. 1905.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 820, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Rhode Island, and for the County of Newport, on the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1905, and returnable to the said Court on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1905, in favor of William Davis, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against Catherine Slack alias Jane Doe, of the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., levied said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Catherine Slack alias Jane Doe, has in and to certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, and bounded as follows: Northerly, by land of Maria Wilkey, seventy-five and seven-tenths (75.7) feet; southerly, by land of Currie M. Harris, seventy-five and seven-tenths (75.7) feet; Easterly, partly by land of Bertie Burdick and partly by land of Patrick Burke, forty (40) feet; and Westerly, by Congdon and James (40) feet; be the said measurement, more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said lot and buildings and improvements on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m. at said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the said day of December, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBOLIS, Deputy Sheriff.

11-25-05

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business November 9, 1905.

RESOURCES. DOLLARS. Loans and discounts \$206,820.88

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 1,028.51

Due from other National Banks 110,000.00

Bonds, securities, etc. 51,600.00

Banking-house, furniture and fixtures 12,000.00

Due from State Banks and Bankers 238.12

Due from approved reserve agents 90,821.88

Exchanges and clearing houses 4,200.00

Notes of other National Banks 5,600.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents 863.18

LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN HAND, VIZ: Specie 20,070.00

Legal-tender notes 4,000.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation) 5,600.00

Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent. redemption fund 6,000.00

Total \$301,165.69

LIABILITIES. DOLLARS.

Capital stock paid in \$120,000.00

Surplus fund 50,000.00

Undivided profits, less expenses 24,968.57

and taxes paid 24,968.57

National Bank notes outstanding 100,000.00

Due to other National Banks 2,768.38

Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks 20,468.14

Individual deposits subject to check 408,968.48

Demand certificates of deposit 44,268.02

Certified checks 94.46

Total \$815,816.06

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of November, 1905.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Henry Bull, Jr., G. P. Taylor, William Hiley, Directors.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Newport, R. I. Office of the Clerk of the Court.

Newport, October 10, A. D. 1905.

WHEREAS, Hattie L. Keough, of the City of Newport, in the County and State aforesaid, has filed her petition in said Office praying for a divorce from the bond of her husband now existing between Hattie L. Keough and Thomas F. Keough, now in parts to the said Hattie L. Keough, unknown; notice is hereby given to the said Thomas F.